

# THE LIVING AGE.

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FROM BEGINNING  
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## CONTENTS.

I.	Evolutionary Speculation, Part II. By Professor G. H. Darwin, <i>Ph.D.</i> Inaugural Address at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.	NATURE	67
II.	A Return to Discipline. By "Lancer"	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	83
III.	On Catalogue Reading. By Dora Greenwell McChesney		
		MONTHLY REVIEW	86
IV.	Peter's Mother. Chapter IX. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. (To be continued.)		95
V.	A Japanese Novel	MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE	104
VI.	Richard Strauss and Programme Music. By E. E. Baughan		
		MONTHLY REVIEW	110
VII.	China after the War. By "Far East"	OUTLOOK	118
VIII.	Children's Literature. By M. E. Francis	ACADEMY	122
IX.	The Early Novel	LONDON TIMES	125
A PAGE OF VERSE.			
X.	Incense. By May Doney	SPECTATOR	66
XI.	Lament. By F. J. Patmore	SATURDAY REVIEW	66
XII.	Immortality. By A. St. John Adcock	MONTHLY REVIEW	66
XIII.	The Mystic's Prayer. By Fiona Macleod	ACADEMY	66
BOOKS AND AUTHORS . . . . . 127			



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## INCENSE.

Oh! the bosom of the morning is an altar to the Lord!  
See the incense of its prayer spiring up the early air!  
All the moorland hearths are smoking up to Heaven with one accord,  
And the smell of new-lit peat rises sweet.

Hush! the stillness of the darkness to the silence of the light  
Has been changing, and the peace scarcely suffereth decrease,  
As the sun above the little darling hills burns into sight,  
And the world wakes to obey Simple day.

Under every roof a woman tends the hearth-place on her knees,—  
Each a priestess of the white dawn of duties after night,—  
Kindling home's fire ere she passeth on to labor's ministries,  
And sets out the hallowèd Daily bread.

Every chimney is a censer in the chancel of the sun,  
Sending up the cloudy spice of its humble sacrifice,  
Till the hour grows consecrated with the myrrh of work begun,  
While a lark drops down the calm Morning's psalm.

*May Doney.*

The Spectator.

## LAMENT.

Young laughing June is calling through the trees,  
Ruddy-lip'd daisies drink their fill of dew,  
The flower-flecked hay ripples beneath the breeze;  
But sombre stands the yew.

And o'er the mere a birch, the forest queen,  
Bends like a maid about whose shoulders cool  
Is cast the softest veil of tender green;  
But dark and still the pool.

Proudly the iris lifts its purple flag,  
The cottages are clad with verdant vines,  
And jackdaws call about the jutting crag;  
Silent and gray the pines.

From field and garden come the songs of God,  
The joys of life all other joys transcend,  
The fruit has formed and swollen is the pod;  
But I have lost a friend.

*F. J. Patmore.*

The Saturday Review.

## IMMORTALITY.

I that had life ere I was born  
Into this world of dark and light,  
Waking as one who wakes at morn  
From dreams of night:

I am as old as heaven and earth;  
But sleep is death without decay,  
And since each morn renews my birth  
I am no older than the day.

Old though my outward form appears,  
Though it at last outworn shall lie,  
This that is servile to the years,  
This is not I.

I, who outwear the form I take,  
When I put off this garb of flesh,  
Still in immortal youth shall wake  
And somewhere clothe my life afresh.

*A. St. John Adcock.*

The Monthly Review.

## THE MYSTIC'S PRAYER.

Lay me to sleep in sheltering flame.  
O Master of the Hidden Fire:  
Wash pure my heart, and cleanse for me  
My soul's desire.

In flame of sunrise bathe my mind,  
O Master of the Hidden Fire,  
That, when I wake, clear-eyed may be  
My soul's desire.

*Fiona Macleod.*

The Academy.

## EVOLUTIONARY SPECULATION.\*

## PART II.

Thus far we have been concerned with the almost inconceivably minute, and I now propose to show that similar conditions prevail on a larger scale.

Many geological problems might well be discussed from my present point of view, yet I shall pass them by, and shall proceed at once to Astronomy, beginning with the smallest cosmical scale of magnitude, and considering afterwards the larger celestial phenomena.

The problems of cosmical evolution are so complicated that it is well to conduct the attack in various ways at the same time. Although the several theories may seem to some extent discordant with one another, yet, as I have already said, we ought not to scruple to carry each to its logical conclusion. We may be confident that in time the false will be eliminated from each theory, and when the true alone remains the reconciliation of apparent disagreements will have become obvious.

The German astronomer Bode long ago propounded a simple empirical law concerning the distances at which the several planets move about the sun. It is true that the planet Neptune, discovered subsequently, was found to be considerably out of the place which would be assigned to it by Bode's law, yet his formula embraces so large a number of cases with accuracy that we are compelled to believe that it arises in some manner from the primitive conditions of the planetary system.

The explanation of the causes which

have led to this simple law as to the planetary distances presents an interesting problem, and, although it is still unsolved, we may obtain some insight into its meaning by considering what I have called a working model of ideal simplicity.

Imagine then a sun round which there moves in a circle a single large planet. I will call this planet Jove, because it may be taken as a representative of our largest planet, Jupiter. Suppose next that a meteoric stone or small planet is projected in any perfectly arbitrary manner in the same plane in which Jove is moving; then we ask how this third body will move. The conditions imposed may seem simple, yet the problem has so far overtaxed the powers of the mathematician that nothing approaching a general answer to our question has yet been given. We know, however, that under the combined attractions of the sun and Jove the meteoric stone will in general describe an orbit of extraordinary complexity, at one time moving slowly at a great distance from both the sun and Jove, at other times rushing close past one or other of them. As it grazes past Jove or the sun it may often but just escape a catastrophe, but a time will come at length when it runs its chances too fine and comes into actual collision. The individual career of the stone is then ended by absorption, and of course by far the greater chance is that it will find its Nirvana by absorption in the sun.

Next let us suppose that instead of

\* Inaugural address by Prof. G. H. Darwin, M.A., LL.D., Ph.D., F. R. S., President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at the meeting of the Association

at Johannesburg, August 30. The first part of the address, delivered at Capetown on August 15, appeared in *The Living Age* for Sept. 23.

one wandering meteoric stone or minor planet there are hundreds of them, moving initially in all conceivable directions. Since they are all supposed to be very small, their mutual attractions will be insignificant, and they will each move almost as though they were influenced only by the sun and Jove. Most of these stones will be absorbed by the sun, and the minority will collide with Jove.

When we inquire how long the career of a stone may be, we find that it depends on the direction and speed with which it is started, and that by proper adjustment the delay of the final catastrophe may be made as long as we please. Thus by making the delay indefinitely long we reach the conception of a meteoric stone which moves so as never to come into collision with either body.

There are, therefore, certain perpetual orbits in which a meteoric stone or minor planet may move for ever without collision. But when such an immortal career has been discovered for our minor planet, it still remains to discover whether the slightest possible departure from the prescribed orbit will become greater and greater and ultimately lead to a collision with the sun or Jove, or whether the body will travel so as to cross and re-cross the exact perpetual orbit, always remaining close to it. If the slightest departure inevitably increases as time goes on, the orbit is unstable; if, on the other hand, it only leads to a slight waviness in the path described, it is stable.

We thus arrive at another distinction: there are perpetual orbits, but some, and indeed most, are unstable, and these do not offer an immortal career for a meteoric stone; and there are other perpetual orbits which are stable or persistent. The unstable ones are those which succumb in the struggle for life, and the stable ones

are the species adapted to their environment.

If, then, we are given a system of a sun and large planet, together with a swarm of small bodies moving in all sorts of ways, the sun and planet will grow by accretion, gradually sweeping up the dust and rubbish of the system, and there will survive a number of small planets and satellites moving in certain definite paths. The final outcome will be an orderly planetary system in which the various orbits are arranged according to some definite law.

But the problem presented even by a system of such ideal simplicity is still far from having received a complete solution. No general plan for determining perpetual orbits has yet been discovered and the task of discriminating the stable from the unstable is arduous. But a beginning has been made in the determination of some of the zones surrounding the sun and Jove in which stable orbits are possible, and others in which they are impossible. There is hardly room for doubt that if a complete solution for our solar system were attainable, we should find that the orbits of the existing planets and satellites are numbered amongst the stable perpetual orbits, and should thus obtain a rigorous mechanical explanation of Bode's law concerning the planetary distances.

It is impossible not to be struck by the general similarity between the problem presented by the corpuscles moving in orbits in the atom, and that of the planets and satellites moving in a planetary system. It may not, perhaps, be fanciful to imagine that some general mathematical method devised for solving a problem of cosmical evolution may find another application to miniature atomic systems, and may thus lead onward to vast developments of industrial mechanics. Science, however diverse its aims, is a

whole, and men of science do well to impress on the captains of industry that they should not look askance on those branches of investigation which may seem for the moment far beyond any possibility of practical utility.

You will remember that I discussed the question as to whether the atomic communities of corpuscles could be regarded as absolutely eternal, and that I said that the analogy of other moving systems pointed to their ultimate mortality. Now the chief analogy which I had in my mind was that of a planetary system.

The orbits of which I have spoken are only perpetual when the bodies are infinitesimal in mass, and meet with no resistance as they move. Now the infinitesimal body does not exist, and both Lord Kelvin and Boileau concur in holding that disturbance will ultimately creep in to any system of bodies moving in so-called stable orbits; and this is so even apart from the resistance offered to the moving bodies by any residual gas there may be scattered through space. The stability is therefore only relative, and a planetary system contains the seeds of its own destruction. But this ultimate fate need not disturb us either practically or theoretically, for the solar system contains in itself other seeds of decay which will probably bear fruit long before the occurrence of any serious disturbance of the kind of which I speak.

Before passing on to a new topic I wish to pay a tribute to the men to whom we owe the recent great advances in theoretical dynamical astronomy. As treated by the master-hands of Lagrange and Laplace and their successors, this branch of science hardly seemed to afford scope for any great new departure. But that there is always room for discovery, even in the most frequented paths of knowledge, was illustrated when, nearly thirty

years ago, Hill of Washington proposed a new method of treating the theory of the moon's motion in a series of papers which have become classical. I have not time to speak of the enormous labor and great skill involved in the completion of Hill's *Lunar Theory*, by Ernest Brown, whom I am glad to number among my pupils and friends; for I must confine myself to other aspects of Hill's work.

The title of Hill's most fundamental paper, namely, "On Part of the Motion of the Lunar Perigee," is almost comic in its modesty, for who would suspect that it contains the essential points involved in the determination of perpetual orbits and their stability? Probably Hill himself did not fully realize at the time the full importance of what he had done. Fortunately he was followed by Poincaré, who not only saw its full meaning but devoted his incomparable mathematical powers to the full theoretical development of the point of view I have been laying before you.

Other mathematicians have also made contributions to this line of investigation, amongst whom I may number my friend Mr. Hough, chief assistant at the Royal Observatory of Cape Town, and myself. But without the work of our two great forerunners we should still be in utter darkness, and it would have been impossible to give even this slight sketch of a great subject.

The theory which I have now explained points to the origin of the sun and planets from gradual accretions of meteoric stones, and it makes no claim to carry the story back behind the time when there was already a central condensation or sun about which there circled another condensation or planet. But more than a century ago an attempt had already been made to reconstruct the history back to a yet remoter past, and, as we shall see,

this attempt was based upon quite a different supposition as to the constitution of the primitive solar system. I myself believe that the theory I have just explained, as well as that to which I am coming, contains essential elements of truth, and that the apparent discordances will some day be reconciled. The theory of which I speak is the celebrated nebular hypothesis, first suggested by the German philosopher Kant, and later restated independently and in better form by the French mathematician Laplace.

Laplace traced the origin of the solar system to a nebula or cloud of rarefied gas congregated round a central condensation which was ultimately to form the sun. The whole was slowly rotating about an axis through its centre, and, under the combined influences of rotation and of the mutual attraction of the gas, it assumed a globular form, slightly flattened at the poles. The justifiability of this supposition is confirmed by the observations of astronomers, for they find in the heavens many nebulae, while the spectroscope proves that their light at any rate is derived from gas. The primeval globular nebula is undoubtedly a stable or persistent figure, and thus Laplace's hypothesis conforms to the general laws which I have attempted to lay down.

The nebula must have gradually cooled by radiation into space, and as it did so the gas must necessarily have lost some of its spring or elasticity. This loss of power of resistance then permitted the gas to crowd more closely towards the central condensation, so that the nebula contracted. The contraction led to two results, both inevitable according to the laws of mechanics: first, the central condensation became hotter; and, secondly, the speed of its rotation became faster. The accelerated rota-

tion led to an increase in the amount of polar flattening, and the nebula at length assumed the form of a lens, or of a disc thicker in the middle than at the edges. Assuming the existence of the primitive nebula, the hypothesis may be accepted thus far as practically certain.

From this point, however, doubt and difficulty enter into the argument. It is supposed that the nebula became so much flattened that it could not subsist as a continuous aggregation of gas, and a ring of matter detached itself from the equatorial regions. The central portions of the nebula, when relieved of the excrescence, resumed the more rounded shape formerly possessed by the whole. As the cooling continued the central portion in its turn became excessively flattened through the influence of its increased rotation; another equatorial ring then detached itself, and the whole process was repeated as before. In this way the whole nebula was fissured into a number of rings surrounding the central condensation, the temperature of which must by then have reached incandescence.

Each ring then aggregated itself round some nucleus which happened to exist in its circumference, and so formed a subordinate nebula. Passing through a series of transformations, like its parent, this nebula was finally replaced by a planet with attendant satellites.

The whole process forms a majestic picture of the history of our system. But the mechanical conditions of a rotating nebula are too complex to admit, as yet, of complete mathematical treatment; and thus, in discussing this theory, the physicist is compelled in great measure to adopt the qualitative methods of the biologist, rather than the quantitative ones which he would prefer.

The telescope seems to confirm the

general correctness of Laplace's hypothesis. Thus, for example, the great nebula in Andromeda presents a grand illustration of what we may take to be a planetary system in course of formation. In it we see the central condensation surrounded by a more or less ring-like nebulosity, and in one of the rings there appears to be a subordinate condensation.

Nevertheless it is hardly too much to say that every stage in the supposed process presents to us some difficulty or impossibility. Thus we ask whether a mass of gas of almost inconceivable tenuity can really rotate all in one piece, and whether it is not more probable that there would be a central whirlpool surrounded by more slowly-moving parts. Again, is there any sufficient reason to suppose that a series of intermittent efforts would lead to the detachment of distinct rings, and is not a continuous outflow of gas from the equator more probable?

The ring of Saturn seems to have suggested the theory to Laplace; but to take it as a model leads us straight to a quite fundamental difficulty. If a ring of matter ever concentrates under the influence of its mutual attraction, it can only do so round the centre of gravity of the whole ring. Therefore the matter forming an approximately uniform ring, if it concentrates at all, can only fall in on the parent planet and be re-absorbed. Some external force other than the mutual attraction of the matter forming the ring, and therefore not provided by the theory, seems necessary to effect the supposed concentration. The only way of avoiding this difficulty is to suppose the ring to be ill-balanced or lop-sided; in this case, provided the want of balance is pronounced enough, concentration will take place round a point inside the

ring but outside the planet. Many writers assume that the present distances of the planets preserve the dimensions of the primitive rings; but the argument that a ring can only aggregate about its centre of gravity, which I do not recollect to have seen before, shows that such cannot be the case.

The concentration of an ill-balanced or broken ring on an interior point would necessarily generate a planet with direct rotation—that is to say, rotating in the same direction as the earth. But several writers, and notably Faye, endeavor to show—erroneously as I think—that a retrograde rotation should be normal, and they are therefore driven to make various complicated suppositions to explain the observed facts. But I do not claim to have removed the difficulty, only to have shifted it; for the satellites of Neptune, and presumably the planet itself, have retrograde rotations; and, lastly, the astonishing discovery has just been made by William Pickering of a ninth retrograde satellite of Saturn, while the rotations of the eight other satellites, of the ring and of the planet itself, are direct. Finally, I express a doubt as to whether the telescope does really exactly confirm the hypothesis of Laplace, for I imagine that what we see indicates a spiral rather than a ring-like division of nebulae.<sup>1</sup>

This is not the time to pursue these considerations further, but enough has been said to show that the nebular hypothesis cannot be considered as a connected intelligible whole, however much of truth it may contain.

In the first theory which I sketched as to the origin of the sun and planets, we supposed them to grow by the accretions of meteoric wanderers in form is normal. See "Year Book," No. 3, for 1904, of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, pp. 198-258.

<sup>1</sup> Prof. Chamberlin, of Chicago, has recently proposed a modified form of the nebular hypothesis, in which he contends that the spiral

space, and this hypothesis is apparently in fundamental disagreement with the conception of Laplace, who considered the transformations of a continuous gaseous nebula. Some years ago a method occurred to me by which these two discordant schemes of origin might perhaps be reconciled. A gas is not really continuous, but it consists of a vast number of molecules moving in all directions with great speed and frequently coming into collision with one another. Now I have ventured to suggest that a swarm of meteorites would, by frequent collisions, form a medium endowed with so much of the mechanical properties of a gas as would satisfy Laplace's conditions. If this is so, a nebula may be regarded as a quasi-gas, the molecules of which are meteorites. The gaseous luminosity which undoubtedly is sent out by nebulae would then be due only to incandescent gas generated by the clash of meteorites, while the dark bodies themselves would remain invisible. Sir Norman Lockyer finds spectroscopic evidence which led him long ago to some such view as this, and it is certainly of interest to find in his views a possible means of reconciling two apparently totally discordant theories.<sup>2</sup> However, I do not desire to lay much stress on my suggestion, for without doubt a swarm of meteors could only maintain the mechanical properties of a gas for a limited time, and, as pointed out by Prof. Chamberlin, it is difficult to understand how a swarm of meteorites moving indiscriminately in every direction could ever have come into existence. But my paper may have served to some extent to suggest to Chamberlin his recent modification of the nebular hypothesis, in which he seeks to reconcile Laplace's view with

a meteoritic origin of the planetary system.<sup>3</sup>

We have seen that, in order to explain the genesis of planets according to Laplace's theory, the rings must be ill-balanced or even broken. If the ring were so far from being complete as only to cover a small segment of the whole circumference, the true features of the occurrences in the births of planets and satellites might be better represented by conceiving the detached portion of matter to have been more or less globular from the first, rather than ring-shaped. Now this idea introduces us to a group of researches whereby mathematicians have sought to explain the birth of planets and satellites in a way which might appear, at first sight, to be fundamentally different from that of Laplace.

The solution of the problem of evolution involves the search for those persistent or stable forms which biologists would call species. The species of which I am now going to speak may be grouped in a family, which comprises all those various forms which a mass of rotating liquid is capable of assuming under the conjoint influences of gravitation and rotation. If the earth were formed throughout of a liquid of the same density, it would be one of the species of this family; and indeed these researches date back to the time of Newton, who was the first to explain the figures of planets.

The ideal liquid planets we are to consider must be regarded as working models of actuality, and inasmuch as the liquid is supposed to be incompressible, the conditions depart somewhat widely from those of reality. Hence, when the problem has been solved, much uncertainty remains as to the extent to which our conclusions

<sup>2</sup> Newcomb considers the objections to Lockyer's theory insuperable. See p. 190 of "The Stars," (London: John Murray, 1904.)

<sup>3</sup> See preceding reference to Chamberlin's paper.

will be applicable to actual celestial bodies.

We begin, then, with a rotating liquid planet like the earth, which is the first stable species of our family. We next impart in imagination more rotation to this planet, and find by mathematical calculation that its power of resistance to any sort of disturbance is less than it was. In other words, its stability declines with increased rotation, and at length we reach a stage at which the stability just vanishes. At this point the shape is a transitional one, for it is the beginning of a new species with different characteristics from the first, and with a very feeble degree of stability or power of persistence. As a still further amount of rotation is imparted, the stability of the new species increases to a maximum and then declines until a new transitional shape is reached and a new species comes into existence. In this way we pass from species to species with an ever-increasing amount of rotation.

The first or planetary species has a circular equator like the earth; the second species has an oval equator, so that it is something like an egg spinning on its side on a table; in the third species we find that one of the two ends of the egg begins to swell, and that the swelling gradually becomes a well-marked protrusion or filament. Finally the filamentous protrusion becomes bulbous at its end, and is only joined to the main mass of liquid by a gradually thinning neck. The neck at length breaks, and we are left with two separated masses which may be called planet and satellite. It is fair to state that the actual rupture into two bodies is to some extent speculative, since mathematicians have hitherto failed to follow the whole process to the end.

In this ideal problem the successive transmutations of species are brought

about by gradual additions to the amount of rotation with which the mass of liquid is endowed. It might seem as if this continuous addition to the amount of rotation were purely arbitrary and could have no counterpart in nature. But real bodies cool and contract in cooling, and, since the scale of magnitude on which our planet is built is immaterial, contraction will produce exactly the same effect on shape as augmented rotation. I must ask you, then, to believe that the effects of an apparently arbitrary increase of rotation may be produced by cooling.

The figures which I succeeded in drawing, by means of rigorous calculation, of the later stages of this course of evolution, are so curious as to remind one of some such phenomenon as the protrusion of a filament of protoplasm from a mass of living matter, and I suggest that we may see in this almost life-like process the counterpart of at least one form of the birth of double stars, planets, and satellites.

As I have already said, Newton determined the first of these figures; Jacobi found the second, and Poincaré indicated the existence of the third, in a paper which is universally regarded as one of the masterpieces of applied mathematics; finally I myself succeeded in determining the exact form of Poincaré's figure, and in proving that it is a true stable shape.

My Cambridge colleague Jeans has also made an interesting contribution to the subject by discussing a closely analogous problem, and he has besides attacked the far more difficult case where the rotating fluid is a compressible gas. In this case also he finds a family of types, but the conception of compressibility introduced a new set of considerations in the transitions from species to species. The problem is, however, of such diffi-

culty that he had to rest content with results which were rather qualitative than strictly quantitative.

This group of investigations brings before us the process of the birth of satellites in a more convincing form than was possible by means of the general considerations adduced by Laplace. It cannot be doubted that the supposed Laplacian sequence of events possesses a considerable element of truth, yet these latter schemes of transformation can be followed in closer detail. It seems, then, probable that both processes furnish us with crude models of reality, and that in some cases the first and in others the second is the better representative.

The moon's mass is one-eightieth of the earth, whereas the mass of Titan, the largest satellite in the solar system, is 1-4600 of that of Saturn. On the ground of this great difference between the relative magnitudes of all other satellites and of the moon, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the mode of separation of the moon from the earth may also have been widely different. The theory of which I shall have next to speak claims to trace the gradual departure of the moon from an original position not far removed from the present surface of the earth. If this view is correct, we may suppose that the detachment of the moon from the earth occurred as a single portion of matter, and not as a concentration of a Laplacian ring.

If a planet is covered with oceans of water and air, or if it is formed of plastic molten rock, tidal oscillations must be generated in its mobile parts by the attractions of its satellites and of the sun. Such movements must be subject to frictional resistance, and the planet's rotation will be slowly retarded by tidal friction in much the same way that a fly-wheel is gradually stopped by any external cause of friction. Since action and reaction are

equal and opposite, the action of the satellites on the planet, which causes the tidal friction of which I speak, must correspond to a reaction of the planet on the motion of the satellites.

At any moment of time we may regard the system composed of the rotating planet with its attendant satellite as a stable species of motion, but the friction of the tides introduces forces which produce a continuous, although slow, transformation in the configuration. It is, then, clearly of interest to trace backwards in time the changes produced by such a continuously acting cause, and to determine the initial condition from which the system of planet and satellite must have been slowly degrading. We may also look forward, and discover whether the transformation tends.

Let us consider, then, the motion of the earth and moon revolving in company round the sun, on the supposition that the friction of the tides in the earth is the only effective cause of change. We are, in fact, to discuss a working model of the system, analogous to those of which I have so often spoken before.

This is not the time to attempt a complete exposition of the manner in which tidal friction gives rise to the action and reaction between planet and satellite, nor shall I discuss in detail the effects of various kinds which are produced by this cause. It must suffice to set forth the results in their main outlines, and, as in connection with the topic of evolution retrospect is perhaps of greater interest than prophecy, I shall begin with the consideration of the past.

At the present time the moon, moving at a distance of 240,000 miles from the earth, completes her circuit in twenty-seven days. Since a day is the time of one rotation of the earth on its axis, the angular motion of the

earth is twenty-seven times as rapid as that of the moon.

Tidal friction acts as a brake on the earth, and therefore we look back in retrospect to times when the day was successively twenty-three, twenty-two, twenty-one of our present hours in length, and so on backward to still shorter days. But during all this time the reaction on the moon was at work, and it appears that its effect must have been such that the moon also revolved round the earth in a shorter period than it does now; thus the month also was shorter in absolute time than it now is. These conclusions are absolutely certain, although the effects on the motions of the earth and of the moon are so gradual that they can only doubtfully be detected by the most refined astronomical measurements.

We take the "day," regarding it as a period of variable length, to mean the time occupied by a single rotation of the earth on its axis; and the "month," likewise variable in absolute length, to mean the time occupied by the moon in a single revolution round the earth. Then, although there are now twenty-seven days in a month, and although both day and month were shorter in the past, yet there is, so far, nothing to tell us whether there were more or fewer days in the month in the past. For if the day is now being prolonged more rapidly than the month, the number of days in the month was greater in the past than it now is; and if the converse were true, the number of days in the month was less.

Now it appears from mathematical calculation that the day must now be suffering a greater degree of prolongation than the month, and accordingly in retrospect we look back to a time when there were more days in the month than at present. That number was once twenty-nine, in place of the

present twenty-seven; but the epoch of twenty-nine days in the month is a sort of crisis in the history of moon and earth, for yet earlier the day was shortening less rapidly than the month. Hence, earlier than the time when there were twenty-nine days in the month, there was a time when there was a reversion to the present smaller number of days.

We thus arrive at the curious conclusion that there is a certain number of days to the month, namely twenty-nine, which can never have been exceeded, and we find that this crisis was passed through by the earth and moon recently; but, of course, a recent event in such a long history may be one which happened some millions of years ago.

Continuing our retrospect beyond this crisis, both day and month are found continuously shortening, and the number of days in the month continues to fall. No change in conditions which we need pause to consider now supervenes, and we may ask at once, what is the initial stage to which the gradual transformation points? I say, then, that on following the argument to its end the system may be traced back to a time when the day and month were identical in length, and were both only about four or five of our present hours. The identity of day and month means that the moon was always opposite to the same side of the earth; thus at the beginning the earth always presented the same face to the moon, just as the moon now always shows the same face to us. Moreover, when the month was only some four or five of our present hours in length the moon must have been only a few thousand miles from the earth's surface—a great contrast with the present distance of 240,000 miles.

It might well be argued from this conclusion alone that the moon separated from the earth more or less as a

single portion of matter at a time immediately antecedent to the initial stage to which she has been traced. But there exists a yet more weighty argument favorable to this view, for it appears that the initial stage is one in which the stability of the species of motion is tottering, so that the system presents the characteristic of a transitional form, which we have seen to denote a change of type or species in a previous case.

In discussing the transformations of a liquid planet we saw the tendency of the single mass to divide into two portions, although we failed to extend the rigorous argument back to the actual moment of separation; and now we seem to reach a similar crisis from the opposite end, when in retrospect we trace back the system to two masses of unequal size in close proximity with one another. The argument almost carries conviction with it, but I have necessarily been compelled to pass over various doubtful points.

Time is wanting to consider other subjects worthy of notice which arise out of this problem, yet I wish to point out that the earth's axis must once have been less tilted over with reference to the sun than it is now, so that the obliquity of the ecliptic receives at least a partial explanation. Again, the inclination of the moon's orbit may be in great measure explained; and, lastly, the moon must once have moved in a nearly circular path. The fact that tidal friction is competent to explain the eccentricity of an orbit has been applied in a manner to which I shall have occasion to return hereafter.

In my paper on this subject I summed up the discussion in the following words, which I still see no reason to retract:

"The argument reposes on the imperfect rigidity of solids, and on the internal friction of semi-solids and

fluids; these are *verae causae*. Thus changes of the kind here discussed must be going on, and must have gone on in the past. And for this history of the earth and moon to be true throughout it is only necessary to postulate a sufficient lapse of time, and that there is not enough matter diffused through space materially to resist the motions of the moon and earth in perhaps several hundred million years.

"It hardly seems too much to say that granting these two postulates and the existence of a primeval planet, such as that above described, then a system would necessarily be developed which would bear a strong resemblance to our own.

"A theory, reposing on *verae causae*, which brings into quantitative correlation the lengths of the present day and month, the obliquity of the ecliptic, and the inclination and eccentricity of the lunar orbit, must, I think, have strong claims to acceptance."

We have pursued the changes into the past, and I will refer but shortly to the future. The day and month are both now lengthening, but the day changes more quickly than the month. Thus the two periods tend again to become equal to one another, and it appears that when that goal is reached both day and month will be as long as fifty-five of our present days. The earth will then always show the same face to the moon, just as it did in the remotest past. But there is a great contrast between the ultimate and initial conditions, for the ultimate stage, with day and month both equal to fifty-five of our present days, is one of great stability in contra-distinction to the vanishing stability which we found in the initial stage.

Since the relationship between the moon and earth is a mutual one, the earth may be regarded as a satellite of the moon, and if the moon rotated rap-

<sup>4</sup> "Phil. Trans.," pt. ii., 1880, p. 883.

idly on her axis, as was probably once the case, the earth must at that time have produced tides in the moon. The mass of the moon is relatively small, and the tides produced by the earth would be large; accordingly the moon would pass through the several stages of her history much more rapidly than the earth. Hence it is that the moon has already advanced to that condition which we foresee as the future fate of the earth, and now always shows to us the same face.

If the earth and moon were the only bodies in existence, this ultimate stage when the day and month were again identical in length would be one of absolute stability, and therefore eternal; but the presence of the sun introduces a cause for yet further changes. I do not, however, propose to pursue the history to this yet remoter futurity, because our system must contain other seeds of decay which will probably bear fruit before these further transformations could take effect.

If, as has been argued, tidal friction has played so important a part in the history of the earth and moon, it might be expected that the like should be true of the other planets and satellites, and of the planets themselves in their relationship to the sun. But numerical examination of the several cases proves conclusively that this cannot have been the case. The relationship of the moon to the earth is in fact quite exceptional in the solar system, and we have still to rely on such theories as that of Laplace for the explanation of the main outlines of the solar system.

I have as yet only barely mentioned the time occupied by the sequence of events sketched out in the various schemes of cosmogony, and the question of cosmical time is a thorny and controversial one.

Our ideas are absolutely blank as to the time requisite for the evolution

according to Laplace's nebular hypothesis. And again, if we adopt the meteoritic theory, no estimate can be formed of the time required, even for an ideal sun, with its attendant planet Jove, to sweep up the wanderers in space. We do know, indeed, that there is a continuous gradation from stable to unstable orbits, so that some meteoric stones may make thousands or millions of revolutions before meeting their fate by collision. Accordingly, not only would a complete absorption of all the wanderers occupy an infinite time, but also the amount of the refuse of the solar system still remaining scattered in planetary space is unknown. And, indeed, it is certain that the process of clearance is still going on, for the earth is constantly meeting meteoric stones, which, penetrating the atmosphere, become luminous through the effects of the frictional resistance with which they meet.

All we can assert of such theories is that they demand enormous intervals of time as estimated in years.

The theory of tidal friction stands alone amongst these evolutionary speculations in that we can establish an exact but merely relative time-scale for every stage of the process. It is true that the value in years of the unit of time remains unknown, and it may be conjectured that the unit has varied to some extent as the physical condition of the earth has gradually changed.

It is, however, possible to determine a period in years which must be shorter than that in which the whole history is comprised. If at every moment since the birth of the moon tidal friction had always been at work in such a way as to produce the greatest possible effect, then we should find that sixty million years would be consumed in this portion of evolutionary history. The true period must be much greater, and it does not seem

extravagant to suppose that 500 to 1000 million years may have elapsed since the birth of the moon.

Such an estimate would not seem extravagant to geologists who have, in various ways, made exceedingly rough determinations of geological periods. One such determination is derived from measures of the thickness of deposited strata, and the rate of the denudation of continents by rain and rivers. I will not attempt to make any precise statement on this head, but I imagine that the sort of unit with which the geologist deals is 100 million years, and that he would not consider any estimate involving from one to twenty of such units as unreasonable.

Mellard Reade has attempted to determine geological time by certain arguments as to the rate of denudation of limestone rocks, and arrives at the conclusion that geological history is comprised in something less than 600 million years.<sup>5</sup> The uncertainty of this estimate is wide, and I imagine that geologists in general would not lay much stress on it.

Joly has employed a somewhat similar, but probably less risky, method of determination.<sup>6</sup> When the earth was still hot, all the water of the globe must have existed in the form of steam, and when the surface cooled that steam must have condensed as fresh water. Rain then washed the continents and carried down detritus and soluble matter to the seas. Common salt is the most widely diffused of all such soluble matter, and its transit to the sea is an irreversible process, because the evaporation of the sea only carries back to the land fresh water in the form of rain. It seems certain, then, that the saltiness of the sea is due to the washing of the land throughout geological time.

<sup>5</sup> *Chemical Denudation in Relation to Geological Time*, Bogie, London, 1879; or Roy. Soc., January 23, 1879.

Rough estimates may be formed of the amount of river water which reaches the sea in a year, and the measured saltiness of rivers furnishes a knowledge of the amount of salt which is thus carried to the sea. A closer estimate may be formed of the total amount of salt in the sea. On dividing the total amount of salt by the annual transport Joly arrives at the quotient of about 100 millions, and thence concludes that geological history has occupied 100 million years. I will not pause to consider the several doubts and difficulties which arise in the working out of this theory. The uncertainties involved must clearly be considerable, yet it seems the best of all the purely geological arguments whence we derive numerical estimates of geological time. On the whole I should say that pure geology points to some period intermediate between 50 and 1000 millions of years, but the upper limit is more doubtful than the lower. Thus far we do not find anything which renders the tidal theory of evolution untenable.

But the physicists have formed estimates in other ways which, until recently, seemed to demand in the most imperative manner a far lower scale of time. According to all theories of cosmogony, the sun is a star which became heated in the process of its condensation from a condition of wide dispersion. When a meteoric stone falls into the sun the arrest of its previous motion gives rise to heat, just as the blow of a horse's shoe on a stone makes a spark. The fall of countless meteoric stones, or the condensation of a rarefied gas, was supposed to be the sole cause of the sun's high temperature.

Since the mass of the sun is known, the total amount of the heat gen-

<sup>6</sup> "An Estimate of the Geological Age of the Earth," Trans. Roy. Dub. Soc., vol. vii. series iii., 1902, pp. 23-66.

erated in it, in whatever mode it was formed, can be estimated with a considerable amount of precision. The heat received at the earth from the sun can also be measured with some accuracy, and hence it is a mere matter of calculation to determine how much heat the sun sends out in a year. The total heat which can have been generated in the sun divided by the annual output gives a quotient of about 20 millions. Hence it seemed to be imperatively necessary that the whole history of the solar system should be comprised within some 20 millions of years.

This argument, which is due to Helmholtz, appeared to be absolutely crushing, and for the last forty years the physicists have been accustomed to tell the geologists that they must moderate their claims. But for myself I have always believed that the geologists were more nearly correct than the physicists, notwithstanding the fact that appearances were so strongly against them.

And now, at length, relief has come to the strained relations between the two parties, for the recent marvellous discoveries in physics show that concentration of matter is not the only source from which the sun may draw its heat.

Radium is a substance which is perhaps millions of times more powerful than dynamite. Thus it is estimated that an ounce of radium would contain enough power to raise 10,000 tons a mile above the earth's surface. Another way of stating the same estimate is this: the energy needed to tow a ship of 12,000 tons a distance of six thousand sea miles at 15 knots is contained in 22 ounces of radium. The *Saxon* probably burns five or six thou-

<sup>7</sup> Lord Kelvin has estimated the age of the earth from the rate of increase of temperature underground. But the force of his argument seems to be entirely destroyed by this result.

sand tons of coal on a voyage of approximately the same length. Again, M. and Mme. Curie have proved that radium actually gives out heat,<sup>8</sup> and it has been calculated that a small proportion of radium in the sun would suffice to explain its present radiation. Other lines of argument tend in the same direction.<sup>9</sup>

Now we know that the earth contains radio-active materials, and it is safe to assume that it forms in some degree a sample of the materials of the solar system. Hence it is almost certain that the sun is radio-active also; and besides it is not improbable that an element with so heavy an atom as radium would gravitate more abundantly to the central condensation than to the outlying planets. In this case the sun should contain a larger proportion of radio-active material than the earth.

This branch of science is as yet but in its infancy, but we already see how unsafe it is to dogmatize on the potentialities of matter.

It appears, then, that the physical argument is not susceptible of a greater degree of certainty than that of the geologists, and the scale of geological time remains in great measure unknown.

I have now ended my discussion of the solar system, and must pass on to the wider fields of the stellar universe.

Only a few thousand stars are visible with the unaided eye, but photography has revealed an inconceivably vast multitude of stars and nebulæ, and every improvement in that art seems to disclose yet more and more. About twenty years ago the number of photographic objects in the heavens was roughly estimated at about 170

<sup>8</sup> See W. E. Wilson, "Nature," July 9, 1908; and G. H. Darwin, "Nature," September 24, 1903.

millions, and some ten years later it had increased to about 400 millions. Although Newcomb, in his recent book on "The Stars," refrains even from conjecturing any definite number, yet I suppose that the enormous number of 400 million must now be far below the mark, and photography still grows better year by year. It seems useless to consider whether the number of stars has any limit, for infinite number, space, and time transcend our powers of comprehension. We must then make a virtue of necessity, and confine our attention to such more limited views as seem within our powers.

A celestial photograph looks at first like a dark sheet of paper splashed with whitewash, but further examination shows that there is some degree of method in the arrangement of the white spots. It may be observed that the stars in many places are arranged in lines and sweeping trains, and chains of stars, arranged in roughly parallel curves, seem to be drawn round some centre. A surface splashed at hazard might present apparent evidence of system in a few instances, but the frequency of the occurrence in the heavens renders the hypothesis of mere chance altogether incredible.

Thus there is order of some sort in the heavens, and, although no reason can be assigned for the observed arrangement in any particular case, yet it is possible to obtain general ideas as to the succession of events in stellar evolution.

Besides the stars there are numerous streaks, wisps, and agglomerations of nebulosity, the light of which we know to emanate from gas. Spots of intenser light are observed in less brilliant regions; clusters of stars are sometimes imbedded in nebulosity, while in other cases each individual star of a cluster stands out clear by itself. These and other observations

force on us the conviction that the wispy clouds represent the earliest stage of development, the more condensed nebulae a later stage, and the stars themselves the last stage. This view is in agreement with the nebular hypothesis of Laplace, and we may fairly conjecture that the chains and lines of stars represent pre-existing streaks of nebulosity.

As a star cools it must change, and the changes which it undergoes constitute its life-history, hence the history of a star presents an analogy with the life of an individual animal. Now, the object which I have had in view has been to trace types or species in the physical world through their transformations into other types. Accordingly it falls somewhat outside the scope of this address to consider the constitution and history of an individual star, interesting although those questions are. I may, however, mention that the constitution of gaseous stars was first discussed from the theoretical side by Lane, and subsequently more completely by Ritter. On the observational side the spectroscope has proved to be a powerful instrument in analyzing the constitutions of the stars, and in assigning to them their respective stages of development.

If we are correct in believing that stars are condensations of matter originally more widely spread, a certain space surrounding each star must have been cleared of nebulosity in the course of its formation. Much thought has been devoted to the determination of the distribution of the stars in space, and although the results are lacking in precision, yet it has been found possible to arrive at a rough determination of the average distance from star to star. It has been concluded, from investigations into which I cannot enter, that if we draw a sphere round the sun with a radius of

twenty million millions of miles,<sup>9</sup> it will contain no other star; if the radius were twice as great the sphere might perhaps contain one other star; a sphere with a radius of sixty million millions of miles will contain about four stars. This serves to give some idea of the extraordinary sparseness of the average stellar population; but there are probably in the heavens urban and rural districts, as on earth, where the stars may be either more or less crowded. The stars are moving relatively to one another with speeds which are enormous, as estimated by terrestrial standards, but the distances which separate us from them are so immense that it needs refined observation to detect and measure the movements.

Change is obviously in progress everywhere, as well in each individual nebula and star as in the positions of these bodies relatively to one another. But we are unable even to form conjectures as to the tendency of the evolution which is going on. This being so, we cannot expect, by considering the distribution of stars and nebulae, to find many illustrations of the general laws of evolution which I have attempted to explain; accordingly I must confine myself to the few cases where we at least fancy ourselves able to form ideas as to the stages by which the present conditions have been reached.

Up to a few years ago there was no evidence that the law of gravitation extended to the stars, and even now there is nothing to prove the transmission of gravity from star to star. But in the neighborhood of many stars the existence of gravity is now as clearly demonstrated as within the solar system itself. The telescope has disclosed the double character of a large number of stars, and the relative

motions of the pairs of companions have been observed with the same assiduity as that of the planets. When the relative orbit of a pair of binary or double stars is examined, it is found that the motion conforms exactly to those laws of Kepler which prove that the planets circle round the sun under the action of solar gravitation. The success of the hypothesis of stellar gravitation has been so complete that astronomers have not hesitated to explain the anomalous motion of a seemingly single star by the existence of a dark companion; and it is interesting to know that the more powerful telescopes of recent times have disclosed, in at least two cases, a faintly luminous companion in the position which had been assigned to it by theory.

By an extension of the same argument, certain variations in the spectra of a considerable number of stars have been pronounced to prove them each to be really double, although in general the pair may be so distant that they will probably always remain single to our sight. Lastly, the variability in the light of other apparently single stars has proved them to be really double. A pair of stars may partially or wholly cover one another as they revolve in their orbit, and the light of the seemingly single star will then be eclipsed, just as a lighthouse winks when the light is periodically hidden by a revolving shutter. Exact measurements of the character of the variability in the light have rendered it possible not only to determine the nature of the orbit described, but even to discover the figures and densities of the two components which are fused together by the enormous distance of our point of view. This is a branch of astronomy to which much careful observation and skilful analysis has been devoted; and I am glad to mention that Alexander Roberts, one of the

<sup>9</sup> This is the distance at which the earth's distance from the sun would appear to be 1".

most eminent of the astronomers who have considered the nature of variable stars, is a resident in South Africa.

I must not, however, allow you to suppose that the theory of eclipses will serve to explain the variability of all stars, for there are undoubtedly others the periodicity of which must be explained by something in their internal constitution.

The periods of double stars are extremely various, and naturally those of short period have been the first noted; in times to come others with longer and longer periods will certainly be discovered. A leading characteristic of all these double stars is that the two companions do not differ enormously in mass from one another. In this respect the systems present a strongly marked contrast with that of the sun, attended as it is by relatively insignificant planets.

In the earlier part of my address I showed how theory indicates that a rotating fluid body will as it cools separate into two detached masses. Mathematicians have not yet been able to carry their analysis far enough to determine the relative magnitudes of the two parts, but so far as we can see the results point to the birth of a satellite the mass of which is a considerable fraction of that of its parent. Accordingly See (who devotes his attention largely to the astronomy of double stars), Roberts, and others consider that what they have observed in the heavens is in agreement with the indications of theory. It thus appears that there is reason to hold that double stars have been generated by the division of primitive and more diffused single stars.

But if this theory is correct we should expect the orbit of a double star to be approximately circular; yet this is so far from being the case that the eccentricity of the orbits of many double stars exceeds by far any of the eccentricities in the solar system. Now See has pointed out that when

two bodies of not very unequal masses revolve round one another in close proximity the conditions are such as to make tidal friction as efficient as possible in transforming the orbit. Hence we seem to see in tidal friction a cause which may have sufficed not only to separate the two component stars from one another, but also to render the orbit eccentric.

I have thought it best to deal very briefly with stellar astronomy, in spite of the importance of the subject, because the direction of the changes in progress is in general too vague to admit of the formation of profitable theories.

We have seen that it is possible to trace the solar system back to a primitive nebula with some degree of confidence, and that there is reason to believe that the stars in general have originated in the same manner. But such primitive nebulae stand in as much need of explanation as their stellar offspring. Thus, even if we grant the exact truth of these theories, the advance towards an explanation of the universe remains miserably slight. Man is but a microscopic being relatively to astronomical space, and he lives on a puny planet circling round a star of inferior rank. Does it not then seem as futile to imagine that he can discover the origin and tendency of the universe as to expect a housefly to instruct us as to the theory of the motions of the planets? And yet, so long as he shall last, he will pursue his search, and will no doubt discover many wonderful things which are still hidden. We may indeed be amazed at all that man has been able to find out, but the immeasurable magnitude of the undiscovered will throughout all time remain to humble his pride. Our children's children will still be gazing and marvelling at the starry heavens, but the riddle will never be read.

**A RETURN TO DISCIPLINE.**

On a burning day in the early Indian summer of 1857 a man lay dying of cholera. He had passed through the stages of cramping agony, and, worn out by the horrible course of the disease, he lay in a state of collapse, unable to move, and hardly capable of thought. The room was silent except for the persistent buzzing of the mosquitoes, which pierced the sick man's head like a knife; the punkah hung idle from the roof; there was not a soul there to minister to his wants. He dimly wondered what he had done that he should be condemned to suffer the appalling thirst that parched him, to bear the sickening heat that crushed the little that remained of his vitality. In his comatose state he did not realize that it was curious that there was no coolie to pull the punkah, that no doctor stood by his bedside, that his servants had left him; and yet he had a distant indistinct recollection of being taken ill a few hours earlier, of being put to bed by the doctor, of being tended by his servants. But now his power of reasoning was almost gone, and he was but aware of the burning, splitting ache in his head, of the chill numbness of his legs, of the torturing thirst, and of a feeling of absolute collapse. He closed his eyes and wondered how long it was to last.

There was but little doubt that Captain Anderson of the —th Light Cavalry was dying,—not only dying of cholera, but dying with no one to soften the cruel manner of his death. And yet when cholera had seized him early that morning he had had all the attendance and every alleviation that were possible. But in the meantime the Mutiny had broken out.

While he had lain struggling in the first throes of his sickness, uncon-

scious of everything save the agony that held him, the sound of heavy firing from the mess, where his brother officers were at breakfast, had caused the doctor to rush from his bedside, anxious to ascertain the reason of the disturbance; and no sooner had the latter entered the mess compound than he had shared the fate of the other British officers of the regiment, who had been shot by the mutineers as they sat in the mess-room.

The looting of the mess plate and furniture, and the firing of the bungalow, had distracted the thoughts of the mutineers from Anderson; but when there was breathing-space from the work in hand, Rissaldar Sikandar Khan remembered that the British officer who commanded his squadron had not been among the sahibs already murdered. "Oh, brothers, where is Anderson Sahib? Has he fled, or is he sitting in his bungalow? Him, too, let us search for and slay, for not till then will the regiment be clean of unbelievers." His speech was answered by a yell from the sowars, and a rush was made toward the sick man's bungalow—a rush only to be checked by Anderson's sweeper, who stopped the leaders with a warning of cholera. This gave them pause; but after a hasty consultation they decided to continue their advance more cautiously, and to shoot their victim from the verandah, without entering the sick-room, for they feared infection, and their cowardice was as great as their treachery.

Lying motionless, in a lethargy that affected mind as well as body, without sufficient strength even to brush away the flies that buzzed around his head and settled upon him with tormenting persistence, Anderson became dimly aware of the sound of footsteps, of the

loud noise of voices, of a shuffling on the verandah, then of a dominant voice raised above the others, and again of the same voice speaking alone in strident tones—tones which bored through his head like a gimlet, but which conveyed nothing to his brain. Gradually the meaning of the words formed itself in his mind, which grasped their sense as in an indistinct dream, and without appreciating the fact that it was to him they were addressed.

"Ho, soor, arise and show thyself, that we may shoot thee. Oh, honorless one, thy fellow-sahibs, devil-people, are dead, and thou too art about to die. The son of a pig hears not, brothers; without doubt, owing to the sickness he has become without sense. Nay, shoot not, fool; we will arouse him, and observe how his heart becomes small when he hears of the work that has been toward."

The harsh voice and its insolent tones gradually roused the dormant mind of the sick man: he was struggling to understand, but still he lay with his sunken eyes fixed upon the motionless punkah above him. How the flies worried and distracted him! "Ah, Janwar, beast, the rule of the sahibs is over; rissala and pultan have risen, and the land is again ours. Heardst thou not the firing, Shaitan? That meant the death of thy brothers, who will be eaten this night by dogs and jackals. Thinkest thou that thou shalt escape by reason of thy sickness? Nay, the young men of thine own squadron shall slay thee, son of a dog, standing afar off, lest evil accrue from thy uncleanness, soor."

The malignant, insolent voice ceased, and at last Anderson understood: it was to him the voice was speaking, the voice of Sikandar Khan, his own trusted native officer, who was now heaping on him the abuse and filthy insults of the East, who had helped in

the murder of his brother-officers, who was false to the Sirkar. He struggled to realize the meaning of it all. Then suddenly it flashed upon him—the warnings of impending trouble, whispered in fear a few days earlier and scoffed at in derision, had become justified. The mysterious story of the chupatti sent from Meerut was true,—the native troops had really risen. Oh, how parched he was!

And now his mind worked as lucidly as before it had been paralyzed. He slowly turned his head on the pillow and looked at the mutineers crowding the verandah.

"Ho! he wakes. Load, brothers!"

Anderson strove to speak, the apple in his throat working convulsively; but it was cruelly difficult to force the words from his burning lips and swollen tongue, and the obvious effort was perceived and received with taunts of fear.

A moment's interval, and then the words came; and the waiting crowd were held silent and still by the magnetism of the voice—at first weak and small, then gradually strengthening and increasing in volume till every man wondered how a body so stricken could have a voice so great, till, again, finally wonder ceased, and they were held in the grip of superstitious fear.

His mind strong, but his body consumed with weakness, Anderson spoke to them as he lay, rebuking them for their disloyalty to the Raj, for falsehood to the salt that they had eaten, for the treacherous murder of their officers. Pale as death, and sweating with the effort of speech, he lashed them with his tongue; and no man dared interrupt the fluent stream of Hindustanee that poured from his lips, every word a sting, every sentence a whip, as he jeered at the folly of their pretensions, derided them as cowards, and again cursed them for their treachery. Then his voice suddenly

broke, and, as he lay panting for breath, the native officer, livid with rage and fear, opened his mouth to speak, only to be silenced by the dominant eye of the dying man, who after a few moments again spoke. "As for you, Sikandar Khan, whom I have always treated as a friend, and you, oh men of my squadron, whom I have always treated with justice and with kindness, favoring no man more than another,—as for you, you shall not know peace in life or in death. Hunted you shall be, fleeing daily from place to place, ever vainly seeking refuge from the sahib-log, and when caught you shall be hanged by sweepers; dead, you will go down into Jehannum, but even in that fire of hell you shall not burn in peace, for you have not left me to die in peace. Now this, then, is my order to you: If ever and whenever men of this regiment sicken of cholera, then shall you rise up from Jehannum and you shall find escort for every sowar, uhdedar, and sirdar, for every trooper, non-commissioned officer, and native officer, who dies of the sickness. You shall be on duty while the disease lasts; and this shall be your duty—to summon each dying man, and to escort his soul to its appointed place."

With a convulsive effort he raised himself into a sitting posture, and the men shrank back from the ghastly face with its burning eyes, and from the superhuman strength that enabled a man dying of cholera to lift himself unaided. Then with a cry of "Sunno, yih' hamara hukm hal, mahno" ("Attend, that is my order—obey it"), he fell back dead.

In the year of grace 1903, and in the month of July, a regiment of native cavalry lay in cholera camp: the sweltering brown plain was dotted with the four camps of the four squadrons,

each placed where a good well and a little shade were available; the orderly lines of the sowars' tents dazzled the eye with their glistening whiteness, and the ground shimmered with the dancing heat-haze; the rows of picketed horses stood languidly in the fierce glare of the sun, their heads drooping, almost too listless to whisk away the flies with their tails, while their masters, stretched on charpoys wherever a little shade offered, tried to doze away the appalling heat of the day. Not a sound was to be heard save the occasional shuffle of a fidgeting horse and the drowsy creaking of a Persian well-wheel, which, as the slow oxen turned it, seemed to be making its complaint at having to draw water in such heat. The sentry, placed over the well to see that no unauthorized person or unclean bucket had access to its cool depths, walked slowly to and fro at his post, wishing that his relief would come, and suddenly stiffened to attention as a British officer cantered past in the direction of the hospital. "The sahib goes to see Ameer Khan, and it is better to be on duty than to be sick like him," he reflected, as he turned to resume his beat.

A few hundred yards away under some trees stood a cluster of slightly larger tents of the pattern known as "General Service," a single-fly affair offering shade from the sun, but scant shelter from the heat. In one of these a little group of men stood round the charpoy on which Ameer Khan was stretched; a thermometer hanging from one of the bamboo tent-poles registered the temperature at 115°; and the silence here too was as perceptible as the heat. On the ground was a basin of disinfectant fluid. The sick man's drinking-pot, engraved with his name in Urdu characters, stood by, while his clothes lay in an untidy heap at the far end of the tent. A small box

swaddled in a blanket, and containing ice, was the only thing that denoted the smallest attempt at any comfort, and it, needless to say, had come from the mess, not from the Sirkar. Such was the hospital.

Ameer Khan, sick with cholera, lay motionless on his string-woven charpoy, the sunken cheeks and the eyes, that had receded into their sockets, giving him the appearance of one who has been ill for days rather than for a few hours. An attendant was mechanically hand-rubbing his numbed legs, and a comrade enlisted from the same far-away border village in the Eusufzai was slowly fanning his face, his own hawk-like Pathan countenance remaining perfectly immobile, and giving no clue to the kindly feelings that prompted his action. At the foot of the bed was the patient's squadron commander, the only Englishman present. Presently he whispered to the gray-bearded old hospital assistant, who with down-turned eyes was gently feeling the patient's pulse, "How do you think he is doing now, Fazl Ellahi?"

"His pulse is very weak, your honor," answered the old man in English; then turning to the sick man he hastily added in cheerful tones, "Ge-

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

brayo mat, jawan, tukra ho jaenge" ("Don't be afraid, my lad, you will get well").

Ameer Khan slowly opened his heavy-lidded eyes, and his lips framed the word "pani" (water), the desire being guessed rather than heard, so weak was the whisper that framed it.

Fazl Ellahi gently raised the patient's head, and held a tin cup of iced soda-water to the parched lips. Drinking a couple of mouthfuls, the man relapsed into lethargy, and again there was silence. The gentle swish of the moving fan, the distant creak of the well, a moan from the sick man, the rustle of the Englishman's handkerchief as he wiped his dripping face, were the only sounds that obtruded themselves in the torrid tent.

Suddenly Ameer Khan opened his eyes, and said quite distinctly, "Abhi ata, ressaladar sahib" ("I am coming now, ressaladar sahib"), and then with a slight movement of the limbs he died.

A few minutes later they left the tent. The officer asked, "What does it mean, Fazl Ellahi? They've all said that."

"Khuda jane" ("God knows"), answered the old man.

"Lancer."

#### ON CATALOGUE READING.

I wonder sometimes why the discerning and sensitive reader should ever condescend to books while book catalogues are obtainable. The book catalogue is the dream, the ideal, the ever-alluring vision, beside which the library of actual books, be it Richard de Bury's or Locker-Lampson's, is but the dim and straitened real. "Let intellectual tubes give thee a glimpse of things which visive organs reach not,"

said Sir Thomas Browne, who would, I am sure, have written a meditation on catalogues had they flourished in his day as plentifully as they do in ours. It is almost to be wondered at that he did not do it, for the booksellers' catalogues of his own time, if unfrequent, were stately productions, with their resounding titles and elaborate descriptions. The first of them all was produced by William London,

a bookseller of Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1657, just one year before the publication of the "Hydriotaphia," and it boasted an introduction on the "Use of Books" which would not have been wholly unworthy of the pen of the philosophic doctor himself, and which, at the time, was attributed to the learned and pious Bishop Juxon. It is after this fashion that the worthy bookseller magnifies his office:

These (the treasures of learning) are the true riches which cannot be taken from me; which are situate from the finger of the greedy plunderer. The evil fate of cloudy times cannot make me compound for these riches within, nor can the sequester deprive me of a thought; they are beyond his reach. The freedom of my soul hath a charter to uphold it that envy itself cannot touch nor break. I can traffic for knowledge in the midst of fiery combustions and perturbations and no cannon can reach me. I can sit in a contemplative cabin and no martial alarm can disturb me. . . . Wisdom and knowledge are the very load-stones and attractives of honor; these are they which aggrandize a man's acceptance to the most wise with great affection and courtesy. His worth is perpetuated with the remembrance of honor.

There is a ring of reality in the passage when the date of its appearance is considered. In 1657, when Cromwell and his major-generals held a restive England in their iron control, an England which prayed for and pledged King Charles in secret; when Scotland still remembered its "Covenanted King," and the head of Montrose yet mouldered over Edinburgh Tolbooth, some of those phrases meant more than merely conventional philosophy. Royalist "plunderings" and Puritan "sequestrations" (they came to much the same thing under their lawless or lawful designations) were still burning memories, and happy he who, in the

evil fate of cloudy times, had found for himself a retreat beyond the alarums of war and a treasure safe from despoilment. Yet, after all, the "Catalogue of the most Vendible Books in England" did but glorify learning and literature in the accepted manner. Sir Thomas, with his grave whimsicality, would have seen more in a catalogue than a mere roll and register of books. Turning over the leaves of the latest booklet from "The Pynson Head" or "The Caxton Press," one may imagine in what grave cadences, with what pomp of strange and magnificent diction, the writer of "Urn Buriall" would have philosophized over such a medley of past and present, such an ironical conjuncture of unfamiliar companions. "The iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppies," and not less blindly does the caprice of remembrance draw together these names and titles. Here are sober divines cheek by jowl with the rakes of the Restoration, writers of lampoons, love-songs, and unreadable plays. Here mystic and sceptic neighbor each other; and some rare missal, exquisite with the tracery in azure, vermillion, and gold, in which the pious mediæval scribe wrought his faith as well as his art, may, by the chance of cataloguing, be set next to Hobbes or Machiavelli. Immortal and ephemeral, too, take their places with scarce a distinction, unless it be that the fugitive and almost forgotten volume is likely to be the rarer in a book-collector's eyes. Now and again the compiler of the catalogue puts in a touch of significant and unconscious satire. Who can forbear a smile at such an item as "Christian Morals; scarce"?

Almost I am inclined to hold that the true catalogue reader should be above the materialism of buying; but that, I confess, is a counsel of perfection. Personally, I may avow that I buy when I can—and, sometimes,

when by all the laws of right reason I cannot—and a catalogue is always a disappointment when it fails to afford a few agonizing and almost irresistible temptations. Yet I can conceive of a true idealist who should enrich his imaginary library merely by reading and marking catalogues, and who should savor a subtle delight in constructing an entire book from the alluring and often illusive title. The earlier writers were kindlier in this respect, and whoso read their title-pages could divine the rest of the volume. To light on a book *shewing* (in black letter) *the Mirrour of Nobilitie; the Map of Honour, Anatomie of Rare Fortunes, Heroicall Presidents of Love, Wonder of Chivalrie and the most accomplished Knight of all Perfection,* is enough, surely, to put the reader in right valorous and chivalric mood. He were but a dullard who should need to read through the two thick volumes in quarto. That trumpet blast of a title is enough to suggest all Don Quixote's library of knightly romance, and, by the way, this in its original Spanish was among them and was condemned to be burned to ashes by that cruellest of censors, the Licentiate. Or, if theological rather than romantic literature be desired, what of such a title as this: *Christ's Victorie over Sathan's Tyrannie. Wherein is contained a Catalogue of all Christ's faithful Soldiers that the Divell either by his grand Capitaines the Emperours or his most dearly loved Sonnes and Heyres the Popes have most cruelly Martyred for the Truth.*" There is more of it, but surely that will suffice to show the passionate hate and fear of Rome which possessed England in 1611, a legacy from those days so near at hand which witnessed the fires of Smithfield and saw the galleons of Philip of Spain loom, pregnant with menace, on the sealine. I protest that no reasonable being ought to desire to

labor through the long black letter record of martyrdoms, nor should it even be needful to touch the worn leather which bears in faded gilding the arms of Charles the Martyr; the item in the catalogue is suggestive enough of the ironic contrasts when the royal owner of the Protestant martyrology went to his "martyrdom"—not at the hands of Rome. Did any one say—? but then I never claimed that I was a reasonable being.

There are always plenty of Stuart books to be found in catalogues, and to those who know the writers the bare juxtaposition of names is often striking enough. Here on a late list I find two volumes side by side: Eikon Basilike and the life of Sir John Eliot—"The King's Book," with its pathetic portrayal of a faltering spirit lifted into strength, its poignant confession, "Thou knowest the contradiction between my heart and my hand." its final serene and steadfast resignation—I think no one who reads it can fail to be half-Royalist for the moment, or can question too closely whether the King's hand or another's has here limned for us the King's face. But following that, Sir John Eliot, the fiery patriot, the poetic visionary, bearing through long years of captivity a martyrdom beside which the swift enfranchisement of the axe was merciful, and bearing it for the sin of having opposed his King. I recall the spiritual beauty of Eliot's writings composed in prison, in "liberty of mind, for other liberty I know not," I remember that Charles refused to allow even his dead body to be borne to his Cornish home, and the "Royal Image" is blurred. Here are the items, mutely fronting each other with all the problems of opposing heroisms, irreconcilable ideals. And I turn over the leaf and pray in perplexity.

O make in me these civil wars to cease!

Fortunately, catalogues provide reading of less tragic significance. I am neither herald nor herbalist, but I delight in the pages devoted to those subjects; perhaps I delight in them the more because in that department I approach the ideal catalogue-reader and am content with the catalogue. To collect herbals and works on heraldry is to court speedy ruin, but their titles give charm to any list. Almost I prefer the herbals—herbals, they are more apt to call themselves, with their quaint, sweet-scented titles, Parkinson's Paradise, Gerard, Dodoens and the rest. Coming on one of them calls up a picture of some old world pleasure, such as Bacon or Evelyn might have delighted in, fantastic with clipped yew, with my Lady's herb-garden, full of curious and beneficent simples, set within its sheltering walls. The old books, nay, the very names of them, make a space of green quietness and sunny fragrance, as does that exquisite and incongruous verse of the old hymn-writer dropped among the remote splendors of the New Jerusalem:

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks  
Continually are green,  
There grow such sweet and pleasant  
flowers  
As nowhere else are seen.

And to complete the visionary garden, here is a "Treatise on Dialling," with a long and learned sub-title, published at the Signe of the Marigold, in Paul's Churchyard, in the year 1636. Certainly there must be a sun-dial in every complete garden, offering its brief word of monition or mystical philosophy or, more rarely, its personal confession, like the one which, after its praise of solitude and sweet retiredness (all in scholarly Latin), breaks suddenly into thanksgiving to the Lord who crowns the work of our hands and closes with a triumphant

"Vivat Carolus Secundus." That inscription was cut soon after the glorious Restoration, and I am inclined to hope that the good Cavalier did not live to see too many hours and seasons measured on his loyal dial; he might have discerned spots on his new-risen sun of royalty. Catalogue reading may perhaps lead to discursiveness; it certainly affords a good variety of subject. I spoke of heraldry, and here I confess that I enjoy the frankly pompous style of the old writers. Modern works, however accurate and minute, fail in the resounding phraseology becoming to wearers of the tabard; but "Theatre of Honour and Knighthood," "The Mirror of Nobilitie," "Honor Redivivus; an Analysis of Honor and Armory," these and their like sweep before us, a fine pageant of antiquated splendor. They recall the days when a knight's or noble's armorial bearings were fraught with a vital—it might be a mortal significance; when a misleading glimpse of de Montfort's White Lion heralded ruin at Evesham, and the confusion of Oxford's Star and Edward's "Sun with Stremys," blurred in the mist at Barnet, decided the fate of a dynasty. Yes, "the glories of our birth and state," can be well suggested by a bookseller's catalogue.

Or if perchance the reader be in adventurous mood, then what seas are for his sailing, what unmapped countries beckon him on. Old Hakluyt's "Trafiquies and Discoveries" from which our later day singer of the Seven Seas caught up his title, and "Purchas his Pilgrimes," setting forth "A World of the World's Rarities by a World of Eye-witness Authors, Related to this World." These and many a less known volume offer the story of the venturers who pushed forth into the yet uncharted waters and saw—ah, such wonders as none of us shall see, though we voyage beneath the Northern lights or seek that Afrique which

no longer boasts dragons in its wastes, or hides in any jungle the City with Roofs of Gold. One of the sailors with old Hendrick Hudson saw a real mermaid with a tail much like a porpoise, I remember, and that encounter was but an incident among many scarce less marvellous. With the aid of these old, oddly spelled titles it is easy to outsail the most daring captains ever sent forth by Henry the Navigator, to reach El Dorado and the Fortunate Isles, to find the North-West Passage so many sought in vain, to look on the fabulous treasures of Inde, to return with captured Spanish galleons, dusky prisoners, and cargoes of spice and tropic wood. No need in such voyaging to come back, as did Raleigh, with "broken brains," or to meet with any fate of frustration. Never were actual seafarings, even in the spacious days, quite so wide, so mysterious, so richly guerdoned, as those suggested by the magnificent titles of the early chronicles.

There are other wanderings ready for the errant fancy, for here on one page are Nostradamus and Lilly, the latter specially impressive with his "Christian Astrology Modestly Treated of," and so on in a title which occupies the best part of a column offering to instruct the student "how to Judge or Resolve all Manner of Questions contingent unto Man." Worthy old Lilly, who juggled with the stars a trifle, it was said, when the Parliament urgently needed promise of a victory to appease the popular mood. They are only amusing to most of us now, those books of occultism with their apparitions, conjurations, and omens, and above all their pursuit of the Philosopher's Stone. El Dorado or the Philosopher's Stone, 'tis all one, still the eternal quest and vision, written legibly here on the pages of my catalogue. It is a shock to turn the leaf and come on Hudibras grimly

mocking at the whole jargon of necromancy, but he brings one back from far voyaging, whether on actual seas or among misty speculations, and calls up the Restoration world of mordant wit, wearied frivolity, and artificial ardors; a world so much more dead and gone than that daring Elizabethan age of *Traffiques* and *Discoveries*, which still, across so many years, is quick with valiant life and fresh with all the winds of the seas. The time of the Restoration is as modish and out-moded as this enticing volume of "New Plays," dated 1660.

It seems to me that the older a book is the more instant and vital its appeal to the imagination when it is encountered in a catalogue. Perhaps the truth of the matter is that later books tempt to more ordinary methods of enjoyment; one wants to buy and read them. But these antique tomes, so fascinating to the fancy, do not always prove rewarding in possession. True, the old chronicles are almost invariably so vivid, so human, that it is worth while to descend from the heights of ideality, pay for and own them. Robert of Gloucester (alas, he can only be had in a comparatively recent edition) is keen and quick with living interest when once the oddities of his thirteenth-century English have been overcome; and the pictures he limns for us are distinct as those which gleam even now from the borders of early MSS.: saint and king and armored knight, set for us in unfaded pigments in some square inches of vellum. The later, more familiar chronicles: Froissart and de Joinville, Holinshed, Hall, and Stowe need no celebration; the mere names of them call up *mélée* and pageant, show us knights at tourney, kings in the sterner tilt-yard of battle, crusaders going forth to redeem the Holy Sepulchre—see, those drooping standards, that hush of mourning over camp and ships,

mean that the ninth Louis, King and Saint, lies dying on strange soil at the outset of his sacred quest. It is of a very different Louis that Philippe de Commynes, Sieur d'Argenton, has to tell in his shrewd, racy fashion—I wonder to how many people the name of de Commynes or Louis XI. means—just Quentin Durward.

The chronicles, then, may be acknowledged as good to read as to read about, but I am not sure that the romance of old days is, when seen face to face, as romantic as their history. I love to linger over that delectable catalogue of books left by Guy Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, to the monks of Bordesley Abbey about the year of grace 1359. If one may judge by the proportion of volumes sacred and profane, the good brothers must have dreamed of banquet and tourney, the lists of honor and of love when they should have been conning their "Book of Hours." It is true there is a book of "The Evangelists and Lives of the Saints," and divers other pious works, but they are lost among the Feats of Charlemagne and of William "de Louangespe." The volume which tells how Adam was driven forth of Paradise neighbors one containing a whole group of romances. Then follows a "Romance of Troy," one of Brutus and one of Constantine: "Un Volume de la Mort, by Roy Arthur"; "Un Volum del Romaunce de Amase e de Idoine"; "Un Volum en le quel sonnt contenuz les Enfaunce Nostre Seygneur"; and "Un petit rouge livre, en le quel sovnt contenuz mons diverse choses." That little red book which contains diverse things is, I think, the most fascinating item of all. I can make a guess at all the others, having dabbled at times in old-world romances and in Lives of the Saints, but that little red book is for ever sealed and set apart. Was it worldly or devout? How did Guy of Warwick come to include it in his

library? What did the monks make of it, nameless waif and stray that it was, among the Lives of St. Bernard and St. Juliana and the Romances of Arthur and Alexander? It may have been studied and copied in the Scriptorium [did it have illuminations, I wonder?] or read, if the armarian allowed it, in the cloister garden, or—But the little red book is gone as utterly as the Library of Alexandria or Savonarola's Bonfire of Vanities, and I shall never know the least of all the diverse things it held.

Those same romances which sound so gallantly and well in the list might chance to prove but dull reading nowadays, if they could all be recovered. At least such of the early knightly tales as have survived—leaving out the few immortals—drag somewhat in the telling. Huon of Bordeaux is too certain of having his fairy ally, King Oberon, at hand in any need; I come to doubt even of Oberon, which is shocking in the case of so well-authenticated a personage. Renaud of Montaubon, pattern of antique allegiance that he is, seems to me considerably less true and moving a character than his noble horse Bayard. On the whole, I prefer Fulke de Fitz Warin, that early and bewildering specimen of historical romance, which deals with a real man in a real country, and then brings fiery dragons sailing happily into the midst of the contentions of John Lackland and his barons. I will be content, therefore, for the most part to leave the old chivalric stories to enrich the pages of catalogues in company with their late and rather degenerate successors, "Le Grand Cyrus," and the other interminable "heroic" novels of France. True, there are the romances which can never lose hold on the heart. Seeing those the reader thinks not of the long-dead men and women—knights in brodered surcoat, ladies in *sasquenice*

and coif—who may have listened to them in days by-gone, but of the ever living men and women who strive and love and grieve in the quaint old English. To see the *Morte d' Arthur* mentioned in any form, whether in the manuscript of the monks of Bordesley, or in the latest reprint of the day, is enough to beguile the fancy straightway into enchanted woodland ways where lances shiver in knightly encounter, where love rides a-Maying, and where the mystic Quest of the San Graef leads alike from earthly warfare and earthly love. Another book which is always suggestive is the very antithesis of Malory's chivalric tale in its emblazoned English. The "Vision of Piers Plowman" deals no less with wandering and with strife, and with a transcending love—a love that is "leach of all." But the word is significant. Will Langland, the singer of the peasant's woes and wrongs, sought no remote and shining vision, no city of Sarras, in the spiritual place; whereto only the elect knight may come. He sought a leech of love who should come into the real and harsh world with healing and deliverance, a saviour who should don peasant weeds.

This Jhesus of his gentries  
Wol juste in Piers armes  
In his helm and haubergeon.

So the quest of this rough rhymer is by no woodland ways, but on the blank high road.

I wole become a pilgrym  
And walken as wide  
As the world lasteth  
To seeken Piers the Plowman  
That Pryde maye destruye.

Pride, which is at the heart's root with Malory, for all his devoutness, a devoutness, indeed, which pales before the splendor of human love. "And therefore, lady," says Lancelot to the Queen, "sithen ye have taken you to

perfection, I must needs take me to perfection of right. For I take record of God in you I have had mine earthly joy." Yes, in the ideal library I collect from my catalogues, and possible in the real one which is less sumptuous, I put the courtly chronicler of knighthood beside the harsh singer of plowman and peasant, and so try to complete the picture of that mediaeval world which held thrall and outlaw as well as minstrel and knight errant.

It may be not unreasonably protested that such wandering thoughts as I have here set down might be as well suggested by the ownership of books as by the desire of them; that in fact a library would answer the purpose quite as well as a catalogue. But a library has its limits, and so has the owner thereof, whereas I can mark on catalogues more books than I dare ever hope to possess or could read through if I had them. Moreover the books actually on my shelves have bodies as well as souls and clamor for care. I want to be able to claim that like a book-collector of old,

Full goodly bound in pleasant cov-  
erture  
Of Damas, Sathin, or els of velvet  
pure  
I keepe them sure, fearing least they  
should be lost.

Elia well knew the pathos of "shivering folios" which lack worthy binding, while "blockheaded encyclopædias" go warm in Russia or Morocco. But the dream volumes called from a catalogue are above material needs. They demand neither shelf-room nor dusting; them the book-worm devours not and they are secure from the hand of the borrower. Then, too, how swift the transitions of the catalogue from grave to gay, from ancient to modern. Led by such a freakish guide it is indeed possible to "go sailing on a wish from world to world." It should

have been, even if it was not, a catalogue which inspired Burton's famous outburst over the infinite variety afforded by study.

For what a world of books offers itself, in all subjects, arts and sciences to the sweet content and capacity of the reader? In arithmetic, geometry, perspective, optic, astronomy, architecture, *sculptura, pictura*, of which so many and such elaborate treatises are of late written. . . . What vast tomes are extant in law, physic and divinity, for profit, pleasure, practice, speculation, in verse or prose? their names alone are the subject of great volumes. . . . Such is the excellency of these studies that all those ornaments, and childish bubbles of wealth, are not worthy to be compared to them.

Clearly the best way of realizing the world which offers itself "to the sweet content and capacity of the reader" is by glancing from name to name, from title to title, pursuing for a few vagrant moments the train of thought suggested by each. Many an item in a catalogue is entertaining where the book itself might scarce be worth shelf-room. I do not greatly desire to own "*Proteus Redivivus; or the Art of Wheedling*," but a cynic might find satisfaction in reflecting that the good old art is no more out of fashion now than it was in 1675, and that much of our art, literature and commerce thrives by a liberal use of wheedling—now more commonly known as advertisement. I have read—in a mere modern reprint—Peacham's "*Worth of a Penny or a Caution to keep Money*," with its amazing list of goods to be had for a penny, but how much richer in significance does that same quaint tract appear when it is in the form of a small quarto issued in 1664? Almost I am persuaded that there may be real helpfulness in his instructions, promised in the title, "what honest courses Men in Want may take to live," though probably if I bought the

book I should not find much practical assistance. Peacham himself appears to have written for a living, a course not to be commended, unless one is willing to take, as did old Stowe, a licence to beg, bestowed as reward of literary labors and "encouragement" to others to pursue the same.

I like, too, the personal element which imparts an interest, pathetic, humorous or sometimes tragic, to these printed columns. A satire on the Romish priesthood entitled *Rede me and be nott wrothe, For I say no thyng but trothe*, sounds only whimsically amusing till one reads that the author paid for his heretical opinions, dying at the stake in Portugal. The owners as well as the writers of old books cast light and shadow of memory across them. What of a volume once owned by Anthony Babington, that reckless young conspirator lured to his death by the smile of Mary Stuart, and bearing on the fly-leaf a few lines believed to be from the hand of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, prouder and nobler victim to the Stuart doom? I never saw the book in the body, but it stands in a place of honor in the library of my dreams.

The association need not be heroic, however, to impress the imagination. The brief, constantly recurring notes in the catalogue, "marginalia in contemporary hand," "name on fly-leaf," "fine old armorial book-plate," how poignant are those records of bygone possessors! No pious or philosophic meditations ever so bring home to me the instability of all our goods and gauds as do these old book-plates proudly claiming the volume for an owner who is—where? Does he remember his treasures and watch them with a jealous wistfulness as they slip into other, perhaps less loving hands; is he aware that his Elzevirs are driftwood on the bookstalls, or has he grown incurious of earthly wisdom,

indifferent to earthly possession? The most significant book-plate I know shows a book, its leaves held open by an hour-glass, the shifting sand well run, with the brief motto, "To-day Mine." Not many book-collectors would care to face that inscription on their beloved tall folios and first editions, but however fanciful their book-plates, however superb in heraldic pomp, they mean to the next owner "Yesterday, Thine."

Truly catalogues tend to become as elegiac as Gray in a Country Churchyard. It is time to turn to blither and kindlier items; to choose some of those books which will not lend themselves to melancholy. They are not so many, after all. I have known wilfully pessimistic people who could become quite tearful over the reminiscences of lost childhood enshrined in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." But to do anything of the sort is a wilful misuse of the dear little red book which contains as many and delightful diverse things as did ever the little red book of the monks of Bordesley and which offers the key to Wonderland to grown-ups as well as children. I came on a first edition of it lately in a catalogue, and frankly and shamelessly preferred it to a whole row of classical writers from the press of Aldus Minutius and to a beautiful vellum-bound Works of Justin, philosopher and martyr, printed by Frobenius, which had got astray from the library of the Royal Society and carried with it learned memories of Roger Boyle and his air-pump, Kenelm Digby with his Powder of Sympathy, and all the other dilettante scientists of the seventeenth century. Alice and her White Rabbit positively routed all the great personages of the catalogue,

and I went off with her to look for the mushroom by which to grow taller or shorter at will—a more noteworthy vegetable than any ever investigated by the Royal Society.

Ah, well, the time has come, not to talk of many things as the immortal Walrus, but to stop talking of them and go back to my catalogues. They hold, I know, many more temptations and delights, and there is no completing the library they suggest. In another world, as the true book-lover has dreamed, it may be possible to settle to reading in a thorough and leisurely manner.

I have a thought that, as we live elsewhere,  
So will these dear creations of the brain;  
That what I lose unread, I'll find, and there  
Take up my joy again.

O then the bliss of blisses, to be freed  
From all the wants whereby the world  
is driven;  
With liberty and endless time to read  
The libraries of heaven!

Meantime, here on earth, we can read but few and possess still fewer of our desired books. Have I not sighed and dreamed over countless volumes which cried out to have me as their owner, and our mutual desire was all in vain? "The children of Alice call Bartram father," and my rare Civil War pamphlets, my Hakluyt and Purchas, my black-letter Chaucer and my complete Pater, repose on the shelves of the collector and the millionaire. In heaven, perhaps, I shall have them for my own, sealed with an imperishable book-plate. Meantime I mark my catalogues.

*Dora Greenwell McChesney.*

## PETER'S MOTHER.

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

## CHAPTER IX.

The new moon brightened above the rim of the opposite hill, and touched the river below with silver reflections. On the grass banks sloping away beneath the terrace gardens, sheets of bluebells shone almost whitely on the grass. The silent house rose against the dark woods, whitened also here and there by the blossom of wild cherry trees.

Lady Mary stepped from the open French windows of the drawing-room into the still, scented air of the April night. She stood leaning against the stone balcony, and gazing at the wonderful panorama of the valley and overlapping hills; where the little river threaded its untroubled course between daisied meadows and old orchards and red crumbling banks.

A broad-shouldered figure appeared in the window, and a man's step crunched the gravel of the path which Lady Mary had crossed.

"For once I have escaped, you see," she said, without turning round. "They will not venture into the night air. Sometimes I think they will drive me mad—Isabella and Georgina."

"Mary!" cried a shrill voice from the drawing-room, "how can you be so imprudent! John, how can you allow her?"

John stepped back to the window. "It is very mild," he said. "Lady Mary likes the air."

There was a note of authority in his tone which somehow impressed Lady Belstone, who withdrew, muttering to herself, into the warm lamplight of the drawing-room.

Perhaps the two old ladies were to be pitied too, as they sat together, but

forlorn, sincerely shocked and uneasy at their sister-in-law's behavior.

"Dear Timothy not dead three months, and she sitting out there in the night air, as he would never have permitted, talking and laughing; yes, I actually hear her laughing—with John."

"There is no telling what she may do now," said Miss Crewys, gloomily.

"I declare it is a judgment, Georgina. Why did Timothy choose to trust a perfect stranger—even though John is a cousin—with the care of his wife and son, and his estate, rather than his own sisters?"

"It was a gentleman's work," said Miss Crewys.

"Gentleman's fiddlesticks! Couldn't old Crawley have done it? I should hope he is as good a lawyer as young John any day," said Lady Belstone, tossing her head. "But I have often noticed that people will trust any chance stranger with the property they leave behind, rather than those they know best."

"Isabella," said Miss Crewys, "blame not the dead, and especially on a moonlight night. It makes my blood run cold."

"I am blaming nobody, Georgina; but I will say that if poor Timothy thought proper to leave everything else in the hands of young John, he might have considered that you and I had a better right to the Dower House than poor dear Mary, who, of course, must live with her son."

"I am far from wishing or intending to leave my home here, Isabella," said Miss Crewys. "It is very different in your case. You forfeited the posi-

tion of daughter of the house when you married. But I have always occupied my old place, and my old room."

This was a sore subject. On Lady Belstone's return as a widow, to the home of her father's, she had been torn with anxiety and indecision regarding her choice of a sleeping apartment. Sentiment dictated her return to her former bedroom; but she was convinced that the married state required a domicile on the first floor. Etiquette prevailed, and she descended; but the eighty-year-old legs of Miss Crewys still climbed the nursery staircase, and she revenged herself for her inferior status by insisting, in defiance of old associations, that her maid should occupy the room next to her own, which her sister had abandoned.

"For my part, I can sleep in one room as well as another, provided it be comfortable, and *appropriate*," said Lady Belstone, with dignity. "There are very pleasant rooms in the Dower House, and our great-aunts managed to live there in comfort, and yet keep an eye on their nephew here, as I have always been told. I don't know why we should object to doing the same. You have never tried being mistress in your own house, Georgina, but I can assure you it has its advantages; and I found them out as a married woman."

"A married woman has her husband to look after her," said Miss Crewys. "It is very different for a widow."

"You are for ever throwing my widowhood in my teeth, Georgina," said Lady Belstone, plaintively. "It is not my fault that I am a widow. I did not murder the admiral."

"I don't say you did, Isabella," said Georgina, grimly; "but he only survived his marriage six months."

"It is nice to be silent sometimes," said Lady Mary.

"Does that mean that I am to go away?" said John, "or merely that I am not to speak to you?"

She laughed a little. "Neither. It means that I am tired of being scolded."

"I have wondered now and then," said John, deliberately, "why you put up with it?"

"I suppose—because I can't help it," she said, startled.

"You are a free agent."

"You mean that I could go away?" she said, in a low voice. "But there is only one place I should care to go to now."

"To South Africa?"

"You always understand," she said gratefully.

"Supposing this—this ghastly war should not be over as soon as we all hope," he said, rather huskily. "I could escort you myself, in a few weeks' time, to the Cape. Or—or arrange for your going earlier if you desired, and if I could not get away. Probably you would get no further than Cape Town; but it might be easier for you waiting there—than here."

"I shall thank you, and bless you always, for thinking of it," she interrupted, softly; "but there is something—that I never told anybody."

He waited.

"After Peter had the news of his father's death," said Lady Mary, with a sob in her throat, "you did not know that he—he telegraphed to me, from Madeira. He foresaw immediately, I suppose, whither my foolish impulses would lead me; and he asked me—I should rather say he ordered me—under no circumstances whatever to follow him out to South Africa."

John remembered the doctor's warning, and said nothing.

"So, you see—I can't go," said Lady Mary.

There was a pause.

"I am bound to say," said John,

presently, "that, in Peter's place, I should not have liked my mother, or any woman I loved, to come out to the seat of war. He showed only a proper care for you in forbidding it. Perhaps I am less courageous than he, in thinking more of the present benefit you would derive from the voyage and the change of scene, than of the perils and discomforts which might await you, for aught we can foretell now, at the end of it. Peter certainly showed judgment in telegraphing to you."

"Do you really think so? That it was care for me that made him do it?" she asked. A distant doubtful joy sounded in her voice. "Somehow I never thought of that. I remembered his old dislike of being followed about, or taken care of, or—or spied upon, as he used to call it."

"Boys just turning into men are often sensitive on those points," said John, heedful always of the doctor's warning.

"It is odd I did not see the telegram in that light," said poor Lady Mary. "I must read it again."

She spoke as hopefully as though she had not read it already a hundred times over, trying to read loving meanings, that were not there, between the curt and peremptory lines.

"It is not odd," thought John to himself; "it is because you knew him too well"; and he wondered whether his explanation of Peter's action were charitable, or merely unscrupulous.

But Lady Mary was not really deceived; only very grateful to the man who was so tender of heart, so tactful of speech, as to make it seem even faintly possible that she had misjudged her boy.

She said to herself that parents were often unreasonable, expecting impossibilities, in their wild desire for perfection in their offspring. An outsider, being unprejudiced by anxiety, could judge more fairly. John found that

the telegram, which had almost broken her heart, was reasonable and justified; nay, even that it displayed a dutiful regard for her safety and comfort, of which no one but a stranger could possibly have suspected Peter. She was grateful to John. It was a relief and joy to feel that it was she who was to blame, and not Peter, whose heart was in the right place, after all. And yet, though John was so clever and had such an experience of human nature, it was the doctor who had put the key into his hands, which presently unlocked Lady Mary's confidence.

"You mustn't think, John, that I don't understand what it will be like later, when Peter comes of age. Of course this house will be his, and he is not the kind of young man to be tied to his mother's apron-string. He always wanted to be independent."

"It is human nature," said John.

"I am not blind to his faults," said Lady Mary, humbly, "though they all think so. It is of little use to try and hide them from you, who will see them for yourself directly my darling comes back. I pray God it may be soon. Of course he is spoilt; but I am to blame, because I made him my idol."

"An only son is always more or less spoilt," said John. He remembered his own boyhood, and smiled sardonically in the darkness. "He will grow out of it. He will come back a man after this experience."

"Yes, yes, and he will want to live his life, and I—I shall have to learn to do without him, I know," she said. "I must learn while he is away—to depend on myself. It is not likely that—that a woman of my age should have much in common with a manly boy like Peter. Sometimes I wonder whether I really understand my boy at all."

"It is my belief," said John, "that no generation is in perfect touch with another. Each stands on a different

rung of the ladder of Time. You may stoop to lend a helping hand to the younger, or reach upwards to take a farewell of the older. But there must be a looking down or a looking up. No face-to-face talk is possible except upon the same level. No real and true comradeship. The very word implies a marching together, under the same circumstances, to a common goal; and how can we, who have to be the commanding officers of the young, be their true companions?" he said, lightly and cheerfully.

"I dare say I have expected impossibilities," said Lady Mary, as though reproaching herself. "It comforts me to think so. But I have had time to reflect on many things since—February." She paused. "I don't deny I have tried to make plans for the future. But there are these days to be lived through first—until he comes home."

"I was going to propose," said John, "that, if agreeable to you, I should spend my summer and autumn holiday here, instead of going, as usual, to Switzerland."

"I should be only too glad," she said, in tones of awakened interest. "But surely it would be very dull for you?"

"Not at all. There is a great deal to be done, and in accordance with my trust I am bound to set about it," said John. "I propose to spend the next few days in examining the reports of the surveys that have already been made, and in judging of their accuracy for myself. When I return here later, I could have the work begun, and then for some time I could superintend matters personally, which is always a good thing."

"Do you mean—the woods?" she asked. "I know they have been neglected. Sir Timothy would never have a tree cut down; but they are so wild and beautiful."

"There are hundreds of pounds'

worth of timber perishing for want of attention. I am responsible for it all until Peter comes of age," said John, "as I am for the rest of his inheritance. It is part of my trust to hand over to him his house and property in the best order I can, according to my own judgment. I know something of forestry," he added, simply; "you know I was not bred a cockney. I was to have been a Hertfordshire squire, on a small scale, had not circumstances necessitated the letting of my father's house when he died."

"But it will be yours again some day?"

"No," said John, quietly; "it had to be sold—afterwards."

He gave no further explanation, but Lady Mary recollects instantly the abuse that had been showered on his mother, by her sisters-in-law, when John was reported to have sacrificed his patrimony to pay her debts.

"I rather agree with you about the woods," she said. "It vexes me always to see a beautiful young tree, that should be straight and strong, turned into a twisted dwarf, in the shade of the overgrowth and the overcrowding. The woodman will be delighted; he is always grumbling."

"It is not only the woods. There is the house."

"I suppose it wants repairing?" said Lady Mary. "Hadn't that better be put off till Peter comes home?"

"I cannot neglect my trust," said John, gravely; "besides," he added, "the state of the roof is simply appalling. Many of the beams are actually rotten. Then there are the drains; they are on a system that should not be tolerated in these days. Nothing has been done for over sixty years, and I can hardly say how long before."

"Won't it all cost a great deal of money?" said Lady Mary.

"A good deal; but there is a very

large sum of money lying idle, which, as the will directs, may be applied to the general improvement of the house and estate during Peter's minority; but over which he is to have no control, should it remain unspent, until he comes of age. That is to say, it will then—or what is left of it—be invested with the rest of his capital, which is all strictly tied up. So, as old Crawley says, it will relieve Peter's income in the future, if we spend what is necessary now, according to our powers, in putting his house and estate in order. It would have to be done sooner or later, most assuredly. Sir Timothy, as you must know," said John, gently, "did not spend above a third of his actual income; and, so far as Mr. Crawley knows, spent nothing at all on repairs, beyond jobs to the village carpenter and mason."

"I did not know," said Lady Mary. "He always told me we were very badly off—for our position. I know nothing of business. I did not attend much to Mr. Crawley's explanations at the time."

"You were unable to attend to him then," said John; "but now, I think, you should understand the exact position of affairs. Surely my cousins must have talked it over?"

"Isabella and Georgina never talk business before me. You forget I am still a child in their eyes," she said, smiling. "I gathered that they were disappointed poor Timothy had left them nothing, and that they thought I had too much; that is all."

"Their way of looking at it is scarcely in accordance with justice," said John, shrugging his shoulders. "They each have ten thousand pounds left to them by their father in settlement. This was to return to the estate if they died unmarried or childless. You have two thousand a year and the Dower House for your life; but you forfeit both if you re-marry."

"Of course," said Lady Mary, indifferently. "I suppose that is the usual thing?"

"Not quite, especially when your personal property is so small."

"I didn't know I had any personal property."

"About five hundred pounds a year; perhaps a little more."

"From the Setouns!" she cried.

"From your father. Surely you must have known?"

Lady Mary was silent a moment. "No; I didn't know," she said presently. "It doesn't matter now, but Timothy never told me. I thought I hadn't a farthing in the world. He never mentioned money matters to me at all." Then she laughed faintly. "I could have lived all by myself in a cottage in Scotland, without being beholden to anybody—on five hundred pounds a year, couldn't I?"

"There is no reason you should not have a cottage in Scotland now, if you fancy one," said John, cheerfully.

"The only memories I have in the world, outside my life in this place, are of my childhood at home," she said.

John suddenly realized how very, very limited her experiences had been, and wondered less at the almost childish simplicity which characterized her, and which in no way marred her natural graciousness and dignity. Lady Mary did not observe his silence, because her own thoughts were busy with a scene which memory had painted for her, and far away from the moonlit valley of the Youle. She saw a tall, narrow, turreted building against a ruddy sunset sky; a bare ridge of hills crowned sparsely with ragged Scotch firs; a sea of heather which had seemed boundless to a childish imagination.

"I could not go back to Scotland now," she said, with that little wistful sounding, patient sob which moved

John to such pity that he could scarce contain himself; "but some day, when I am free—when nobody wants me."

"London is the only place worth living in just now, whilst we are in such terrible anxiety," he said boldly. "At least there are the papers and telegrams all day long, and none of this dreary, long waiting between the posts; and there are other things—to distract one's attention, and keep up one's courage."

"I do not know what Isabella and Georgina would say," said Lady Mary.

"But you—would you not care to come?"

"Oh!" she said, half sobbing, "it is because I am afraid of caring too much. Life seems to call so loudly to me now and then; as though I were tired of sitting alone, and looking up the valley and down the valley. I know it all by heart. It would be fresh life; the stir, the movement; other people, fresh ideas, beautiful new things to see. But, indeed, you must not tempt me." There was an accent of yearning in her tone, a hint of eager anticipation, as of a good time coming; a dream postponed, which she would nevertheless be willing one day to enjoy. "I mustn't go anywhere; I couldn't—until my boy comes home, if he ever comes home," she added, under her breath.

"But when he comes home safe and sound, as please God he may," said John, cheerfully. "Why, then you have a great deal of lost time to make up."

"Ah, yes!" said Lady Mary, and again that wistful note of longing sounded. "I have thought sometimes I would not like to die before I have seen my birthplace once more. And there is—*Italy*," she said, as though the one word conveyed every vision of earthly beauty which mortal could desire to behold—as, indeed, it does. And again she added, "But I don't know what my sisters-in-law would say. It

would be against all the traditions."

"Surely Lady Belstone, at least, must be less absurdly narrow-minded," said John, almost impatiently.

"Shall I tell you the history of her marriage?" said Lady Mary.

Her pretty laugh rang out softly in the darkness, and thrilled John's heart, and shocked yet further the old ladies who sat within, straining their ears for the sound of returning footsteps.

"It took place about forty years ago or less. A cousin of her mother's, Sir William Belstone, came to spend a few days here. I believe the poor man invited himself, because he happened to be staying in the neighborhood. He was a gallant old sailor, and very polite to both his cousins; and one day Isabella interpreted his compliments into a proposal of marriage. Georgina has given me to understand that no one was ever more astounded and terrified than the admiral when he found himself engaged to Isabella. But apparently he was a chivalrous old gentleman, and would not disappoint her. It is really rather a sad little story, because he died of heart disease very soon after the marriage. Old Mrs. Ash, the housekeeper, always declares her mistress came home even more old-maidish in her ways than she went away, and that she quarrelled with the poor admiral from morning till night. Perhaps that is why she has never lightened her garb of woe. And she makes my life a burden to me because I won't wear a cap. Ah! how heartless it all sounds, and yet how ridiculous! Dear Cousin John, haven't I bored you? Let us go in."

With characteristic energy John Crewys set in hand the repairs which he had declared to be so necessary.

The late squire had apparently been as well aware of the neglected state of

his ancestral halls as of his tangled and overgrown woods; but he had also, it seemed, been unable to make up his mind to take any steps towards amending the condition of either—or to part with his ever-increasing balance at his bankers.

Sir Timothy had carried both his obstinacy and his dullness into his business affairs.

The family solicitor, Mr. Crawley, backed up the new administrator with all his might.

"Over sixty thousand pounds uninvested, and lying idle at the bank," he said, lifting his hands and eyes, "and one long, miserable grumbling over the expense of keeping up Barracombe. One good tenant after another lost because the landlord would keep nothing in repair; gardener after gardener leaving for want of a shilling increase in weekly wages. In case Sir Peter should turn out to resemble his father, we had best not let the grass grow under our feet, Mr. Crewys," said the shrewd gentleman, chuckling; "but take full advantage of the powers entrusted to you for the next two years and a quarter. Sir Peter, luckily, does not come of age until October, 1902."

"That is just what I intend to do," said John.

"Odd, isn't it," said the lawyer, confidentially, "how often a man will put unlimited power into the hands of a comparative stranger, and leave his own son tied hand and foot? Not a penny of all this capital will Sir Peter ever have the handling of. Perhaps a good job too. Oh, dear! when I look at the state of his affairs in general, I feel positively guilty, and ashamed to have had even the nominal management of them. But what could a man do under the circumstances? He paid for my advice, and then acted directly contrary to it, and thought he had done a clever thing, and outwitted his own lawyer. But now we shall get

things a bit straight, I hope. What about buying Speccot Farm, Mr. Crewys? It's been our Naboth's vineyard for many a day; but we haggled over the price, and couldn't make up our minds to give what the farmer wants. He'll have to sell in the end, you know; but I suppose he could hold out a few years longer if we don't give way."

"He's been to me already," said John. "The price he asked is no doubt a bit above its proper value; but it's accommodation land, and it would be disappointing if it slipped through our fingers. I propose to offer him pretty nearly what he asks."

"He'll take it," said Mr. Crawley, with satisfaction. "I could never make Sir Timothy see that it wouldn't pay the fellow to turn out unless he got something over and above the value of his mortgages."

"The next thing I want you to arrange is the purchase of those twenty acres of rough pasture and gorse, right in the centre of the property," said John, "rented by the man who lives outside Youlestone, at what they call Pott's farm, for his wretched, half-starved beasts to graze upon. He's saved us the trouble of exterminating the rabbits there, I notice."

"He's an inveterate poacher. A good thing to give him no further excuse to hang about the place. What do you propose to do?"

"Compensate him, burn the gorse, cut the bracken, and plant larch. There are enough picturesque commons on the top of the hill, where the soil is poor, and land is cheap. We don't want them in the valley. Now I propose to give our minds to the restoration of the house, the drains, the stables, and the home farm. Here are my estimates."

Though Mr. Crawley was so loyal a supporter of the regent of Barracombe, yet John's projected improvements

were far too thorough-going to gain the approval of the pottering old retainers of the Crewys family, though they were unable to question his knowledge or his judgment.

"I telled 'im tu du things by the littles," said the woodman, who was kept at work marking trees and saplings as he had never worked before; though John was generous of help, and liberal of pay. "But lard, he bain't one tu covet nobady's gude advice. I was vair terrified tu zee arl he knowed about the drees. The swoire 'ee wur like a babe unbarn beside 'un. He lukes me straight in the eyes, and 'Luke,' sezze, 'us 'a got tu git the place in vamous arder vur young Zur Peter,' sezze. 'An' I be responsible, and danged but what a'll du't,' 'ee zays. An' I touched my yead, zo, and I zays, 'Very gude, zur,' a zays. 'An' zo 'twill be, you may depend on 't.'"

Perhaps the unwonted stir and bustle, the coming and going of John Crewys, the confusion of workmen, the novel interest of renovating and restoring the old house, helped to brace and fortify Lady Mary during the months which followed; months, nevertheless, of suspense and anxiety, which reduced her almost to a shadow of her former self.

For Peter's career in South Africa proved an adventurous one.

He had the good luck to distinguish himself in a skirmish almost immediately after his arrival, and to win not only the approval of his noble relative and commander, but his commission. His next exploit, however, ended rather disastrously, and Peter found himself a prisoner in the now historic bird-cage at Pretoria, where he spent a dreary, restless, and perhaps not wholly unprofitable time, in the society of men greatly his superior in soldierly and other qualities.

John feared that his mother's resolution not to follow her boy must inev-

itably be broken when the news of his capture reached Barracombe; but perhaps Peter's letters had repeated the peremptory injunctions of his telegram, for she never proposed to take the journey to South Africa.

The wave of relief and thankfulness that swept over the country, when the release of the imprisoned officers became known, restored not a little of Lady Mary's natural courage and spirits. She became more hopeful about her son, and more interested daily in the beautifying and restoration of his house.

She said little in her letters to Peter of the work at Barracombe, for John advised her that the boy would probably hardly understand the necessity for it, and she herself was doubtful of Peter's approval even if he had understood. She had too much intelligence to be doubtful of John's wisdom, or of Mr. Crawley's zeal for his interest.

The letters she received were few and scanty, for Peter was but a poor correspondent, and he made little comment on the explanatory letter regarding his father's will which John and Mr. Crawley thought proper to send him. The solicitor was justly indignant at Sir Peter's neglect to reply to this carefully thought-out and faultlessly indited epistle.

"He is just a chip of the old block," said Mr. Crawley.

But his mother divined that Peter was partly offended at his own utter exclusion from any share of responsibility, and partly too much occupied to give much attention to any matter outside his soldiering. She said to herself that he was really too young to be troubled with business; and she began to believe, as the work at Barracombe advanced, that the results of so much planning and forethought must please him, after all. The consolation of working in his interests was de-

lightful to her. Her days were filling almost miraculously, as it seemed to her, with new occupations, fresh hopes, and happier ideas, than the idle dreaming which was all that had hitherto been permitted to her. John desired her help, or her suggestions, at every turn, and constantly consulted her taste. Her artistic instinct for decoration was hardly less strong than his own, though infinitely less cultivated. He sent her the most engrossing and delightful books to repair the omission, and he brought her plans and drawings, which he begged her to copy for him. The days which had hung so heavily on her hands were scarcely long enough.

The careful restoration of the banqueting-hall necessitated new curtains and chair-covers. Lady Mary looked doubtfully at John when this matter had been decided, and then at the upholstery of the drawing-rooms facing the south terrace.

The faded magenta silk, tarnished gilded mirrors, and gold-starred wallpaper which decorated these apartments had offended her eye for years. John laughed at her hesitation, and advised her to consult her sisters-in-law on the subject; and this settled the question.

"They would choose bottle-green," she said, in horror; and she salved her conscience by paying for the redecoration of the drawing-rooms out of her own pocket.

John discovered that Lady Mary had never drawn a cheque in her life, and that Mr. Crawley's lessons in the management of her own affairs filled her with as much awe as amusement.

So the old order changed, and gave place to the new at Barracombe; and the summer grew to winter, and winter to summer again; and Peter did not return, as he might, with the corps in which he had the honor to serve.

Want of energy was not one of his defects; he was a strong, hardy young man, a fine horseman and a good shot, and eager to gain distinction for himself. He passed into a fresh corps of newly raised Yeomanry, and went through the Winter Campaign of 1901, from April to September, without a scratch. His mother implored him to come home; but Peter's letters were contemptuous of danger. If he were to be shot, plenty of better fellows than he had been done for, he wrote; and coming home to go to Oxford, or whatever his guardian might be pleased to order him to do, was not at all in his line, when he was really wanted elsewhere.

To do him justice, he had no idea how boastfully his letters read; he had not the art of expressing himself on paper, and he was always in a hurry. The moments when he was moved by a vague affection for his home, or his mother, were seldom the actual moments which he devoted to correspondence; and the passing ideas of the moment were all Peter knew how to convey.

Lady Mary could not but be aware of her son's complete independence of her, but the realization of it no longer filled her with such dismay as formerly. Her outlook upon life was widening insensibly.

The young soldier's luck deserted him at last. Barely six weeks before the declaration of peace, Peter was wounded at Rooiwal. The War Office, and the account of the action in the newspapers, reported his injuries as severe; but a telegram from Peter himself brought relief, and even rejoicing, to Barracombe—

*"Shot in the arm. Doing splendidly. Invalided home. Sailing as soon as doctor allows."*

(To be continued.)

## A JAPANESE NOVEL.\*

Never in the whirligig of time has such a strange thing been seen as the Revival or New Birth of Japan. We watch the unprecedented evolution of a new force with interest and admiration, but it is not too much to say that the wonder is greatly mixed with an undefined sense of uneasiness, similar to that experienced by those who watch the irruption of a hitherto unsuspected volcano. Within so short a space of time that many of us remember it well, that wonderful country tried to shut the door in our faces, and would have nothing to do with foreign devils; and to-day they beat one of the aforesaid devils, and not the least powerful of them, in open warfare by sea and by land. And there is yet a stranger symptom: one of their novelists now writes a preface to one of his novels expressing the hope that Englishmen and Americans may thereby become more acquainted with the ways and thoughts of insular Japan.

Though in no way concerned with politics, there is no doubt that in the sad story of Nami-San, or Nami-Ko-San (for the name is written in different ways), the author, Kenjiro Tokutomi, gives the English and American public something to think about. When we see to our unbounded astonishment how the Japanese can act, it is of the greatest importance that we should know a little how they think, the one being the cause and precursor of the other. We learn again from this book what we have always more or less known, that outwardly they have much in common with us, but inwardly differ from us

in many surprising ways; and we hazard the theory that we might perhaps learn more about our allies from the way they handle the pen than from the way they handle a gun. We must dismiss as of no importance the anomaly that they blow the Russian fleet out of the water on a diet of rice and raw fish, and that the novel was probably written, or rather painted with a brush-full of Indian ink and then typed on a Remington, or taken down in Japanese shorthand which, considering what a fearfully complicated thing their language is, must be one of the most difficult performances of the kind, though Japanese newspaper reporters think nothing of it. These matters are not essentials. When we ask ourselves where this new development is likely to stop, and whether it will bring what so many people profess to dread as the Yellow Peril nearer to us, we should dismiss all thoughts of precedents, for the situation is unprecedented. The case of the Huns, who by sheer force of numbers once overran Eastern Europe and took the Roman Senators by the beard, is not on all fours with the present situation; they were driven on by a sort of instinct inherent in wandering tribes, and we have now to count with an intellectual awakening of a decidedly home-loving race. It is as easy to over-estimate this new power as to under-estimate it. The question is not, how many warships have they, how many men can they put in the field? The question is, are they mentally and intellectually our equals, or even our superiors? Did they know the answer to this perplexing doubt when they shut their doors against the Western Barbarians, and practically only opened it wide when they had

\* "Nami-Ko," by Kenjiro Tokutomi; translated by Sakae Shioya and E. T. Edgett. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1901.

assimilated and made their own the few sciences, mostly in the engineering way, which they wanted to be more than a match for us? In the innocence of our hearts, or rather let it be said in our conceited ignorance, Europe superciliously gave them what they wanted, and only too late we see that it might have been wiser to imitate them by shutting our own door. Even now, after the unexpected Japanese victories, the public at large are not fully alive to the magnitude and the danger of the Japanese Question.

If we are to judge from all we hear and read, when we listen to those who have studied them at home, we find that they do not themselves admit any inferiority whatever. That they are intensely patriotic is much to their credit but does not prove much either way, patriotism being the only admirable virtue that requires no foundation in fact. Many years ago the Japanese servant who accompanied Miss Bird on her travels by the un-beaten tracks of Japan, candidly informed his mistress that he thought very highly of her but that, not having the advantage of being Japanese, she was in one way his inferior. Miss Bird did not altogether relish that notion, but one who was presumably a better judge, the late Sir Edwin Arnold, always gracefully conceded their superiority over Europeans, and as a proof of his sincerity in the matter married a little Japanese girl. As we know and regret, the pretty little wife of,—well, of O-Edwin-San, was left a widow, who is a much more important personage in Japan than a wife, and it is of the strange power invested in a widow as head of a household that Mr. Kenjiro Tokutomi treats in the story of Nami.

The technique of the novel is astonishing. To those acquainted with the usual flowery inconsequential nonsense of Eastern literature, a novel like

*Nami-Ko* comes like a revelation not inferior to that of Admiral Togo's successful actions at sea. If we except a certain weakness in the dialogue, an almost childish simplicity of a true Oriental character but out of place as an effort at realism, the story might have been written by one of our own novelists. Of necessity we must also exclude the plot, which we must take as absolutely true to Nature though we cannot understand it. *Nami-Ko* or *Hototogisu* as it is called in Japanese, could not have been written in Europe, because such things never did and never could happen in Europe. It does happen in civilized Japan; in fact the novelist tells us it is founded on fact, as he himself has heard Nami's tragic story told. This may or may not be true; they are so wonderfully imitative that it would be strange if their literary men, who have Tolstoy and Flaubert at their fingers' ends, did not make use of our own well-worn literary tricks.

Be that as it may, exclaim as we will against the monstrous power invested in the hands of a widow, a power described as a national custom too well known to require explanation, here we have an officer in Admiral Togo's victorious navy parting with tears and sorrow from a dearly beloved bride,—and divorced from her the moment his back was turned, without knowing anything about the matter himself, by sentence of his mother who in Japan seems to have all the powers, and more, of a judge in a High Divorce Court, for no earthly reason except that she disliked her daughter-in-law and that she, the young wife, was consumptive, and she feared infection for her son. On the judgment of that singularly constituted Court, the father of the bride, a general in high command, without a murmur, without waiting to hear what his son-in-law might have to say in a matter which

somewhat concerned him, meekly took his disgraced daughter back.

Let no one run away with the idea that this novel, so inauspiciously started, is pure unadulterated nonsense. This, as the main plot of the story, is the only thing we Westerns cannot understand; it seems preposterous, one has to admit, but the rest is true human nature, and would be as true in London as in Tokio. If we wish to understand the Japanese we must take the trouble to place ourselves at their standpoint and allow for the tyranny of immemorial custom, just as a Japanese would have to take very much for granted in our own social customs, to him quite as inexplicable. It is not so very difficult to understand the position of poor Nami-San; God knows we have victims of unwritten laws among ourselves. Nami-San was purely innocent of any evil, but so are some of our victims, and the ethical and moral customs of Japan, even including this one, are such that, woman for woman, there must be considerably less suffering in this respect in Japan than in England. We must try to understand; it is not for us to throw stones.

Well, this shockingly ill-used officer, a gentleman and a hero, wounded in the action off the Yalu River, returns home to find his wife gone, and according to the social rules of his country lost to him for ever. His behavior in these trying circumstances is that of a saint, if not precisely of a sailor. We are unregenerate enough to think he ought to have smashed something, his own and the widow's furniture at least, but he did nothing of the sort. He knew how to handle a breach-loader, how to settle a Chinese iron-clad, but before his fractious, unreasonable mother this gallant sailor was as weak as a lamb. Takeo and Nami had sworn to die together some day, so distasteful to them was the bare idea

of separation; they parted as true and passionate lovers, and when he returns and finds his wife divorced from him by his mother, without his consent having been asked, he hardly forgets his filial duty so far as to scowl at her; he talks to her, stiffly, formally on indifferent subjects, enquiring after everybody's health and how warm it is, both avoiding in a painfully natural way to touch upon this burning topic, if ever a topic burned; they both knew the threatening explosion if this foul, unnatural thing were mentioned between them, a thing worse than murder, for of course poor Nami dies of it. What are we to think of this gallant officer's conduct? Do we understand what goes on in his brain? Not a bit. As a friend, as an enemy, how far would we trust such a sphinx-like individual? There is more behind this question than appears for the moment.

The Western world could probably not show a more efficient or a cleverer staff-officer of a modern line-of-battle-ship than Baron Takeo Kawashima. The tender, well educated, and infinitely ladylike Nami-Ko-San, as we see her on her wedding trip on the balcony of the hotel, dressed in the quietest gray crape silk, the cheeks a little thin, the eyebrows a little too close together, slender, graceful, would not be out of place in any modern well-bred society. But their thoughts are not as our thoughts. When the fiat of the despotic mother-in-law has gone forth during the young husband's absence fighting for his country, the lovers do not try to meet again; they never met in this world again, and in another world they do not believe.

Yet not a shadow ever came between them. Just before they were for ever parted, we listen to their innocent talk, so very English, with a dainty shade of reticence in it. Just so might we overhear the drawing-

room talk of Cissy Smith and Captain George Smith, R.N., home on furlough.

"When I think," says Nami-San, "that you must go on duty again so soon it makes me feel that time passes all too fast."

"But if I stayed always at home you are sure to say on every third day, 'My dear, you had better go out for a walk, hadn't you?'"

"How dare you say that?—More tea?"

This is just the sort of innocent, slightly unmeaning chat of a country where a mother-in-law may be inconvenient at times but never spells doom. It beguiles us into believing that there really is not much difference between the two countries after all. Takeo sips his tea, knocks the ashes from his cigar into the fire-box, and looks contentedly round the room.

"I seem to be enjoying a second honeymoon; doesn't it seem so to you, Nami-San?" . . . Words were now lost between them, and they only smiled and looked at each other in dreamy ecstasy. The delicate fragrance of the plum-blossoms filled the room as the happy couple sat together before the fire.

This may be called an English picture, not our conception of a Far-Eastern one. Before the blow fell which crushed these two young lives, we may be sure dainty Nami-San was often seen riding her bicycle in the suburban roads round Tokio, for Japanese ladies of the better class ride as much and as well as their sisters in England. And as a background to all this there is the unchanging East, the Eastern warp of thought, the Eastern cruelty and insensibility to pain inflicted, the stoical bearing of that pain.

But though they never again spoke together, they once by accident saw each other for a moment, and this is as beautiful and touching an incident

as any English novelist could have imagined. Poor Nami-San, dying of grief and in the last stages of her illness, is taken by her father the General to a sanatorium on the hills. As the train slowly leaves the station another train as slowly runs in, side by side, and the young wife in the first-class carriage of the one recognizes a young man in naval uniform in a second-class of the other. For one single instant the ironbound social custom of ages is thrown to the winds. "Oh Nami-San!" cries the broken-hearted Takeo, while Nami-San rushes to the window, regardless of danger, of her father, of her nurse, who vainly try to drag her back, hangs half out of the carriage and with streaming eyes throws her violet handkerchief as a last token to her loving husband as the trains slowly draw apart.

What are we to think of this? Is such a situation conceivable? So much valor, so much culture and refinement mixed with such impossible social laws and customs seem like the bewildering confusion of a dream. That was the last glimpse they had of each other, and one must admire the art of the novelist who makes a skilful use of the hero's professional duties to keep the days or hours in which they could have met within probable limits. Flesh and blood could not have stood too much, for the breaking of unwritten laws, however strong, is not an unknown thing even in Eastern countries where such laws have a power beyond our imagining. These laws are in full force to-day, for this is not ancient history; it is supposed to happen in 1894-5, and the personages of the realistic story all move in good society, are all more or less Europeanized; the General and Takeo, when off duty, go about in tweed mufti; we get glimpses of telegrams, of billeting in time of war, of queer army contracts,—all as it might be among ourselves;

and the author moreover expresses a faint hope that a more public discussion of such customs may have some salutary effect. It is evident, therefore, that at the present day almost incredible contracts between feudalism and civilization go hand in hand, and such impossible customs, with of course a hundred others which we could not for a moment reconcile with our Western notions, seem absolutely compatible with the highest outward refinement and the greatest military and naval supremacy.

As a slight concession to more modern ways of thought, General Kataoka, the father of the shamefully ill-used Nami, when after her death he one day meets her divorced husband at her grave, is made to say: "Takeo-San, though Nami is dead, I am still your father." This was very handsome of him, considering he entirely acquiesced in the disgraceful affair and took the Japanese view of it. It is true he adds, as a final tag to the book: "Come, be a man; all our misfortunes have been to prepare us for a greater work." This is not a bad example of Japanese consolation, for they have a saying, "To kill at Nagasaki one's enemy at Yedo," and Takeo may later on have struck all the harder at the Russian for not having been able to strike any one at home; but it would have suited our Western minds better if the stout General, who stands in this book for the incarnation of Japan's knightly spirit, had, while his poor daughter was still alive, made a knightly attack on the insufferable mother-in-law and had shaken some common-sense into her. But things are not done that way in Japan. There is still a considerable confusion between East and West, for which the altogether bewildering language of the Eastern country must be greatly responsible. Literal translation is of very little use, seeing that we cannot

shape our thoughts into sentences mutually intelligible; in other words, and this goes to the root of our difficulties, the Japanese process of thinking is different from ours. If the good General had asked us how he could have set about that difficult business of shaking the mother-in-law, he would, according to the dictionary and the highest authority on the subject, that of Professor Chamberlain, have said: "O Shiete Itadakita," which literally translated is "Honorable-teaching-wish-to-put-on-the-head," and means in the very nearest approach to sensible English, "I wish you would be so kind as to show me how." Small wonder if little misunderstandings arise sometimes. We can only take our leave of this sorely afflicted family by saying, "O Kino Doku Sama," which literally rendered is rather a puzzling expression, meaning nothing less or more to us than "Honorable-Poison-of-the-Spirit-Mr."; but to the Japanese it means, "I am sorry for your sake."

And now for the practical application of this strange story, for it would be a mistake to think it held no lesson for us. It is claimed for this novel that it is a realistic work, and as such, whatever its defects may be from our point of view, it lays bare a small corner of the soul of Japan to the best of the native writer's knowledge and powers of observation. If such inexplicable actions go on behind the civilized guns of Oyama and Togo, what other mainsprings, directly or indirectly influencing national and individual action, may not remain to be studied and understood before this nation is admitted without suspicion as one of the great Powers of the world. Is it safe to judge of what such a nation may be likely to do, to reveal or to conceal, if we trust too much to the apparent civilization which we judge from our point of

view and from which we expect results, actions, and decisions identical with our own in similar circumstances? When all is said and done, if the man behind the gun is of more importance than the gun itself, the national drift of thought behind that man is of greater importance still. In our Kaffir wars the greatest disasters have always resulted from our natural and complete ignorance of what a Kaffir would be likely to do in certain given circumstances; and some day we may awaken to the discovery that we have failed to grasp what a Japanese would be likely to do. To put the matter in a nutshell: where would all the Chancelleries of Europe be if for instance they did not know, and know intimately too, the extent and direction of French thought and character, if they were as much in doubt about it as we confessedly are about that of Japan? Who can say how much of the disasters of the present war may not be due to that same hopeless want of insight into the Japanese brain? Does an engineer trust an unfamiliar piece of machinery of which he does not understand the working?

It may be objected to this rather gloomy view of the Japanese Question that we are confronted by similar difficulties in our dealings with all other Oriental races, and have not done so very badly with them after all. That is true, but Turks, Malays or Bengalese, though they may be difficult to deal with, do not stand on the same plane with the unfathomable Japanese. There is no mystery about an Afghan or a Kurd, but a Japanese is nothing but mystery. Residents for a lifetime in their country give up the riddle in despair. Mr. Petrie Watson, after a residence of three years in their midst, says that Japan is unknowable, incomprehensible, not to be understood. The common experience seems to be that when you

have been six weeks in Japan you know everything; when you have been there six months you begin to have your doubts; at the end of six years you know nothing at all. When Takeo Kawashima came home he did not do what we should have expected of him, because he belongs to a mysterious race, mysterious in its origin and history, mysterious in its sudden evolution. Take him as a type, and we are confronted by a great mysterious nation that may any day surprise us by a still more wonderful evolution, by a still more mysterious line of action. It is a feather in England's cap that she should have concluded an alliance with this rising Power before its real greatness was apparent to all the world. It is in its way as fine a piece of political foresight as was the much commented-on purchase of the Suez Canal Shares. We are all agreed that it is a good thing to have a powerful friend; whether it is equally desirable to have a mysterious friend to whose thoughts we have but the very slenderest of clues is another matter on which opinions may differ. The rapid evolution of Japan is in any case a very disquieting problem; the marvellously successful assumption of Western civilization, thrown on as easily as one throws on a cloak, is not one of the least disquieting features of the cloud (or is it a star?) that has so ominously risen in the East; ominous because we do not in the least understand it. Its Nami-Sans are so gentle and ladylike, its Takeos so brave, so like ourselves and yet not in the least like us; pleasant, courteous and inscrutable; victorious over China, victorious over Russia, yet always quiet, silently self-possessed, showing to the outside world only that queer Asiatic deprecating smile, "the smile that was childlike and bland." Nobody believes that the balance of power may some day be transferred from the West to

the East, and yet, as the writer we have already quoted says very pertinently: "We should once have laughed to be asked to think of a Japanese Sphinx who should call a halt to us with riddles of life and death." We do not laugh to-day. It is a cloud already a little bigger than a man's hand; it may, for what we know, be beneficial or it may presage a cyclone. Certain it is that we cannot afford to neglect any opportunity of getting better acquainted with the true heart and inwardness of Japan. Information gained through the usual diplomatic sources does not go to the root of the matter. In our fearlessness and proud consciousness of power we Europeans lack that sense, so strong in uncivilized races, of a suspicion of the unknown. A Zulu will steal anything he can lay his hands on, but you may safely leave your small change on your writing-table if you take the precaution also

to leave a few bits of paper arranged in the form of a cross or a circle. The Kaffir does not know what that may mean, and because he does not he gives the table and the money a wide berth. But the White Man, proud in his strength, is as a general rule very careless of any writing on the wall. What we see and understand of the heaven-descended Mikado's realm impresses us far more than what we dimly guess to be concealed behind the veil. The Japanese will never swarm and overrun the West, like the Huns of old. So much we know; their numbers are comparatively small and they are home-keeping. There is another instinct, another national or racial impulse at work which we do not understand because this instinct or impulse is now shown for the first time in the world's history, shown by a people who are eager for information and give none at all in return.

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#### RICHARD STRAUSS AND PROGRAMME MUSIC.

Richard Strauss is one of those creative artists who have the power of repelling as much as they attract. It is not possible to approach his symphonic poems in a spirit of detached appreciation. His music and his aims arouse something very like enthusiasm or something very like disgust. Some of us, for instance, heard in his latest work, *Sinfonia Domestica*, a tone-poem of lofty beauty; others professed to find it a ponderous and very German joke, quite outside the powers of music to express, and a cleverness and an occasional glimpse of beauty that only accentuated what is eccentric and downright ugly in the music. The future must, of course, decide which point of view has the most truth. But there are certain matters which can be discussed in a broad critical spirit;

matters which are essential to an aesthetic appreciation of Strauss's art. In the first place there has been a tendency to confuse the composer's individual cast of mind with his artistic methods. He is a thinker of strange thoughts; the product of a restless age of doubt and rebellion. There is something of the philosophical anarchist in his composition, if we may take his choice of subjects as an index, and some of his musical experiments seem, at first hearing, almost outside the pale of the art. No doubt the more superficial of music-lovers are drawn to him for this very reason, for there is always a following for the strange and bizarre in art. Certain classes of mind are only attracted by what is new. It was so in the early worship of Wagner; but that great composer has long been

accepted by the musical world, and theorists who at one time looked on him as an anarchist, or, at any rate, an iconoclast, are now ready to find a reason for all he did. Wagner has crept into the text-books on musical theory, and has even been held up as an example to Richard Strauss.

If the composer of the *Sinfonia Domestica* were new in the sense that he has no place in the long chain of musical development he would not be an artist. No manifestation of art can be actually new. Strauss himself has amused his more enthusiastic admirers by holding up Mozart to their worship, and he is naïvely perplexed by the criticism which finds his own music so extraordinary. This is not a pose, although when one thinks of some of the discordant music he has written, it is difficult to adopt the composer's own attitude towards it. On the other hand, Richard Strauss has every right to consider himself a link in the chain of musical development. It would take an abler pen than mine to trace this fully, and it is a pity that our musical theorists are so tardy in formulating rules and laws from the practice of composers; but there are several points which may be discussed.

Richard Strauss's symphonic poems are not new in their aims. Every student of musical history knows full well that from the earliest ages the musician has attempted to use his art as a descriptive medium. Yet in many of the criticisms passed on Strauss this fact has been ignored. You may even read that the full dignity of music is lost in the attempt to describe ideas and thoughts and things outside itself. The greatest music is self-contained, and so forth. This may be true, but it is not a fact that "absolute" music, as the cant term runs, is an immutable type from which "programme" music is a mere divergence. In truth, the self-contained music which the admirers of

classical musical art hold up as the fixed law is of comparatively modern growth. It is much newer than the programme music of Richard Strauss. That "absolute" music ever existed is a chimera. All its forms originated in the dance. Music found its inspiration in illustrating the rhythmic action and convolutions of the dance. It has long since had a separate growth, but its origin is still to be traced. Then even in the avowed "absolute" compositions it is clear that there are emotional and poetic ideas which, at the least, represent something beyond the mere building-up of music. In this sense all music is more or less "programme" music, and none but a mere musical workman would attempt to evolve a composition otherwise. But in case this may be thought a begging of the question, it can be stated that not only is "programme" music not a new thing, but the history of the art shows that it has always existed side by side with "absolute" music. These two lines of development have crossed here and there, as in the works of Beethoven, and again in Schumann's, but in the history of the art each has had its own place.

## II.

The history of "programme" music, indeed, is so ancient that it is not far-fetched to state that comparatively modern "absolute" music is really a thing of mushroom growth. As long ago as the last half of the sixteenth century Clément Jannequin, a Belgian contrapuntist, wrote two compositions entitled "The Battle" (descriptive of a battle near Malegnano in 1515) and "The Cries of Paris." Although fashioned as *a capella* choral music, they are full of descriptive touches. Considerably later there was Jakob Froberger, who died some eighteen years before Sebastian Bach was born. He

is said to have been able to depict whole histories on the clavier, "giving a representation of the persons present and taking part in it, with all their natural characters"; and Matheson, a historian of the period, states that he was in possession of a suite by Froberger, "in which the passage across the Rhine of the Count von Thurn, and the danger he was exposed to from the river, is most clearly set before our eyes and ears in twenty-six little pieces." Still later came Johann Kuhnau, the composer of the Biblical sonatas. In the work with the curious title of "Saul cured by David," the composer illustrates this programme: "1st, Saul's melancholy and madness; 2nd, David's refreshing harp-playing; and 3rd, the King's mind restored to peace." Bach himself was influenced by Kuhnau, and in his early days wrote an avowed piece of "programme" music. It was entitled "A Caprice on the Departure of a beloved Brother," and its five sections have distinctive titles. Not long ago the composition was played in a London concert-room. I shall be told that the great composer was too sensible to continue in this descriptive style, but it would be more to the point to say that instrumental music demanded development, and that it was his business to help it forward. These are not isolated cases of a misconception of the limitations of the art, for contemporary composers in France were writing the same kind of descriptive pieces. The titles which Rameau and Couperin gave to their harpsichord compositions prove that they had serious ideas as to the descriptive powers of music. It must be remembered, of course, that opera was only gradually getting itself developed, and, did not history prove the contrary, we might well suppose that the earliest attempts at programme music were paving the way for a branch of art in which "programme" music would find its fullest

scope. But the line of development did not merely lead to opera and then waver out. On the contrary, the growing strength of opera gradually added to the powers of the purely instrumental branch of art. France of the eighteenth century was full of "programme" composers. They were too logical, however, in their views of the function of music; and the arid theories of Rousseau if carried into practice would have seriously limited the growth of instrumental music. The setting of poems so that music should be merely a heightener of their effect was a mistaken idea. Still it could be held that it played its part in the development of the art; at any rate, it led to Gluck.

For a brief time it looked as if Haydn and Mozart had put an end to avowed "programme" music, and the great Beethoven, taking up their work, carried what is called "absolute" music far from the inconclusive attempts of the descriptive writers. Beethoven himself was to a certain extent a "programme" writer—certainly in the sense that he did not write music merely on an architectural plan—but leaving out of count his "Pastoral" symphony, the slow movement of the great A minor quartet, "A Convalescent's Sacred Song of Thanksgiving to the Divinity," the first two movements of the "Eroica" symphony, the "Sonata in E flat" and "The Battle of Vittoria," Beethoven cannot be counted among the avowed "programme" writers. Yet his place in the scheme of things which ultimately led to Richard Strauss is well defined. "Programme" music could never have advanced unless a great composer had come forward to extend the art as an emotional language. It is difficult to conceive what music would have done had Beethoven not extended the utterance of Haydn and Mozart, and it is curious to note that after Beethoven the programme line

of development started afresh. In one direction it brought a Berlioz into being. It may be difficult to trace the actual influence of the German master on the French, but Beethoven's enlargement of the emotional vocabulary of music and his extension of the symphony had a considerable effect on Berlioz. The French master planned his "programme" music on the architectural lines of "absolute" music—at least, he endeavored to do so. His innovation was a new use of the orchestra, employing instrumental timbre as a means of expression. Raff's "Lenore" symphony also belongs to that type of descriptive music. It is unnecessary to enter fully into the development of "programme" music after the death of Beethoven, but it shows an unbroken line through Berlioz, Schumann (whose symphonies prove the existence of some kind of programme, and whose "Carneval," "Kreisleriana," and "Fasschingswank" are descriptive music, pure and simple), Chopin (who made dance-forms the skeleton of his programme), Wagner (who wrote a deal of "programme" music in the overtures and in instrumental pieces in his music-dramas), to Liszt. Here the line of development made a new start. Hitherto descriptive music had been fitted into the architectural forms of "absolute" music. Liszt was the first to see that the old forms would not meet the case.

### III.

With the growth of music since the end of the eighteenth century a new factor was added to "programme" music. Roughly it is a factor that had always interacted on instrumental art. I refer, of course, to vocal music, to the song and to opera. It is not my business at present to trace the influence of the operatic aria on the composition of instrumental music of the seventeenth century, but I mention it in

passing in order to show that one branch of music has always acted on another; that the development of music has taken place step by step; that Bach, for instance, would have been impossible without the previous contrapuntal vocal school; that Mozart could not have worked without Bach ("he is the father; we are the lads," was a saying of Mozart's); and that Haydn, the precursor of Mozart, in the large instrumental forms could not have come into existence without P. E. Bach; that all owed a deal to the development of vocal music; that Beethoven, as well as the Italian opera composers, led the way for Weber and Wagner; and that Wagner in his turn owed much to the songs of Schubert. That the modern "programme" composers owe much to Wagner's music-dramas need hardly be said. It is impossible to think of César Franck, Saint-Saëns, Vincent D'Indy, Richard Strauss himself, and a host of modern programme composers, without the influence of Wagner. All this is recognized, of course, but it is often forgotten that with the rise of the modern song instrumental music gained a new life. The accompaniments to the best of Schubert's songs are masterpieces of descriptive music. It is not far-fetched to suppose that they must have had a great influence on Wagner's use of his orchestra. Many of the Schubert songs are little tone-poems in their union of voice and accompaniment, just as Wagner's music-dramas are on a larger scale. Schubert himself also enriched piano-forte music by transferring his song-form to that branch of composition, and from this sprang the smaller forms of "programme" music of Schumann and Mendelssohn, and even Brahms. But the principal effect of the accompaniment of the songs of Schubert and Schumann, Robert Franz and Brahms has been to develop the power of music in creating subtle emotional atmos-

sphere. It was all the more effective in achieving this because the song form was much freer than any of the old instrumental forms; it gave the composer greater scope for the play of his fancy. Above all, modern composers of "programme" music have had the advantage of Wagner's use of the orchestra in the weaving of new forms. It is curious how scene after scene of his music-dramas, if played on the pianoforte from one of those arrangements of the vocal and instrumental music for the instrument, have the effect of a gigantic symphonic poem. True there is a want of concise form in the music thus heard; one misses the thread of drama, and the architecture of the music seems arbitrary; but it is not difficult to imagine that any young composer hearing the Wagner music for the first time in this manner might be filled with the thought that here was the composition of the future. But he would not think that if he were conversant with the symphonic poems of Liszt, which are the instrumental counterpart of the Wagnerian use of voice and orchestra. Whether Liszt influenced Wagner or Wagner influenced Liszt is a matter on which there is much difference of opinion. Probably each acted one on the other. However this may be, we must look on Liszt as the father of the modern symphonic poem, because he was the first to depart from the older instrumental forms in order to give his poetical ideas their full expression in music. In this sense Richard Strauss owes much more to Liszt than to Berlioz, who never solved the problem of shaping new forms for a new need.

#### IV.

This question of form is the burning musical question of the day, and, as was said at the beginning, it is a pity that men whose special studies and

special gifts enable them to deal with the matter in an exhaustive manner have as yet had nothing to say about it. The question has been shelved because it is taken for granted that "programme" music is a modern eccentricity, a phase out of which composition will ultimately pass. There is no good reason for such an opinion. Indeed, everything points the other way. It has been shown that the idea of writing descriptive music is more than three hundred years old; that it has been an idea ever present in the minds of composers, and that since the death of Beethoven we have had a long line of composers who have worked in the field of "programme" music—Berlioz, Raff, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, Wagner, César Franck, Saint-Saëns, Dvorák, and Tchaïkovsky. These men were not charlatans. Indeed, they may be said to represent the flower of nineteenth-century composition since Beethoven. Some of them have attempted to write "programme" music in the old forms, and Tchaïkovsky has been the most successful in his fifth and sixth symphonies; others have striven to break new ground. Indeed, Brahms has been the only considerable composer who has worked in strictly "absolute" music, leaving the symphony but very little changed in its main aspects from the Beethoven symphony. Consequently it is only natural that the keenest opposition against the modern symphonic poem has come from those who admire Brahms as the last great classical composer. I would rather say that Brahms has shown a curious aloofness from the modern spirit, an aloofness that seems to me unnatural and even perverse. It is very easy to assert that the greatest musical works are those in which the musical idea, "the adventures of the musical themes, in the process of purely musical development," is sufficient inspiration. It is doubtful if any

composer ever did look on the composition of music from that purely "musical" point of view. But granting that it has been the outlook of some of the great musicians, we may well ask if it has been sufficiently general to justify any sweeping assertion as to the superiority of "absolute" music. Bach I will render unto the adherents of the "purely musical." To a less extent Haydn and Mozart, and to a still less extent Beethoven. Surely no one can really believe that the composer of the Choral Symphony, the "Eroica" Symphony and the posthumous quartets was a "pure musician" in the hard and fast sense. I doubt if it could even be said of Brahms. Bach, Haydn, and Beethoven are great composers, but so are Schubert, Weber, Berlioz, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Wagner and Tchaikovsky. If "pure music" is the last word in the art, why then this latter group of composers were comparative failures. And this is acting on the supposition that the first group does not contain any composer who had more than the idea of weaving music for the sake of the musical adventures through which the themes pass.

It would be very much more to the purpose to ask if musical themes cannot be made to pass through more exciting adventures than was possible under the old forms. What were the additions Beethoven made to the symphony but an attempt to enlarge his means of expression? What are the old forms that they should keep music hide-bound? Are they so strictly logical that to depart from them is to be incoherent? And what is form? Take up any text-book on the subject, and you will find that the rules of musical form consist almost entirely of exceptions. The strict rule is *so-and-so*, but Beethoven and even Mozart and Haydn departed from it. There has never been and never will be any strict

form even in formal music. It has always been in a state of flux. It seems to me that the root mistake of theorists has been in not distinguishing between architectural form and tonal form. Roughly speaking, no work of art can be without form. It is unthinkable. In that sense the most modern piece of "programme" music must have as much form as a symphony by Mozart or Haydn. No musician will hold that the architectural form, that is to say, the logical presentation of musical ideas, can be a hard-and-fast affair. Let us take one example as an illustration. The first movement form, or sonata or symphony form, as it is indifferently called, is supposed to have as its aim a movement of continuity. Of what does it consist? An introduction (not necessary to the form), the exposition of the first and second subjects, with their bridge passages, the development or free fantasia, the recapitulation of the first and second subjects, and perhaps a coda, although that is no more necessary than the introduction. To some extent this is a logical form, but it is clear that the recapitulation is arbitrary. It is too much in the style of the old-fashioned sermon. Then we come to a freer form, the Rondo. This is supposed to be a movement of episode. It is merely an adaptation of the old Rondeau to music. The principal subject is used as a refrain at the end of each division of the piece. According to rule there should be at least three appearances of the chief subject, and there may be two or even three episodes of a well-contrasted character. It is obvious that this form is not broken if the principal subject is introduced half a dozen times, or if there were half a dozen episodes. There is, in truth, no finality in the architectural side of form. You could begin the first movement of a symphony or sonata with the development section, and

from that lead up to the final statement of your themes, with a recapitulation of the development, and you still have the same kind of form—indeed, it has been done. It is clear, then, that architecturally the old musical forms are so arbitrary that it would be absurd to limit music to them, and, as a matter of fact, no composer of genius has ever felt himself bound to them.

But the real difference between the old forms and the new is not in architecture but in tonality. Certain sequences of keys commended themselves to the musical ear of the day. They were found to be satisfying and beautiful, and gave, it was thought, a coherence to the composition. The theorists take it for granted that our sense of tonality is unchangeable. One after another the great composers have rebelled against this cut-and-dried sequence of keys, just as our painters long ago rebelled against the brown tree. In all musical history there is not one example of a great composer who was not accused of writing ugly music. His detractors really meant that it was music to which they were not accustomed. It is strange how the ear adapts itself. Shifting tonality which seems to-day the merest capriciousness of incoherence, to-morrow is accepted as natural. Dissonances which at first hearing strike us as unbearable lose their terror after a second or third hearing. The history of music is full of examples of composers who have been rated as anarchists when they were merely pioneers. This in itself proves that there is no finality in tonal form. What I have, perhaps rather arbitrarily, called architectural form—for, after all, the old idea of the sequence of certain keys had a sense of architecture—is common to "absolute" and "programme" music. A musical composition to stand alone without drama is unthinkable without form of some kind. Liszt attempted

to make the metamorphosis of themes his form, but he did not understand their development, and consequently his music remains a patchwork of themes repeated over and over again in differing guises, according to what seemed to him to be the poetical need of the moment. Strauss, who is supposed to be an anarchist, is much more formal. An analysis of his symphonic poems reveals the fact that he has made use of several of the architectural forms of "absolute" music. The root idea of his form is the variation and development of his principal subjects through sections of contrasting moods to an imposing climax. The constant use of themes throughout his compositions which are really as long as ordinary symphonies gives them a coherence which the conventional symphony lacks. Schumann tried the same thing and Tchaikovsky has been very successful in binding together the movements of his fifth symphony by making use of a motto theme. But Strauss carries this much farther. Except for a few episodes the *Sinfonia Domestica* is practically woven out of three themes, representing the Father, the Mother and the Child, and in the play of variation and development to a climax there is almost an excess of form. It would not be easy to classify it, for it is partly a kind of Rondo, but without any restrictions as to the number of appearances of the principal theme or as to the number of the subjects and episodes. Then, again, it has, of course, much of the variation form, and in the exposition of the themes and their development has something in common with the first movement form of a sonata. But the necessity of illustrating a "programme" makes for great plasticity. The appearance of formlessness is caused by the dictation of tonal form by the expression of the poetical ideas the composer is illustrating. The old

composers often managed to give an appearance of cohesion by their use of keys to which the ear had been accustomed. Strauss seems to be anarchic in his sudden transitions and in his ever shifting tonality. If it were true that the ear cannot follow his musical line as music, the symphonic poems would be a mistake in art. But it is not true, and least of all of his latest work.

## V.

I have attempted to show that "programme" music is not at all a new thing; that it has always existed, and that since Beethoven and Wagner most of the greatest composers have carried on the movement. So far from its being a decadence in art, the history of music rather tends to show that the modern fashion is merely one of those periodical recurrences of certain mental phases which are to be noted in the development of the human mind, and not only in music. In this respect Strauss takes a well-defined place in the growth of "programme" music. I have suggested that the new music is by no means the formless thing that some critics imagine. There remains the larger question of whether the aims of Strauss and his school do not go beyond the powers of music to achieve. Here we must distinguish between individual genius and the practice of the art. A symphony can be written that will be thoroughly in accordance with the best models of the art, and yet if the composer has no inspiration it will be dull and formless to the ear. It was not its form that made the C minor symphony so great, but Beethoven's mind, invention, and character. And so, in judging the success of "programme" music, we must not forget that all depends on the composer himself. With regard to Strauss, I have not yet heard any-

thing of his which seems to be the utterance of a great genius. On the whole, his symphonic poems suffer from a thinness of thematic material. In his method of composition this is particularly a drawback, for it weakens his elaborate polyphony. He is by nature a lyrical rather than an epic poet, and yet his choice of subjects has been more epic than lyrical. Because his latest composition, the *Sinfonia Domestica*, has so much essential lyricism it is, I think, his most complete success. Then he has not shown that he understands the kind of programme which is required for music. In all his symphonic poems he jumps from the abstract to the descriptive with rather bewildering results. The *Sinfonia Domestica* is a case in point. Over and over again the composer has publicly stated that he wishes his music to be heard as absolute music, and yet he allows rather ridiculous programmes to be published, and is not above penning his own little jokes on the score. His attitude towards the question of "programme" music is sound enough in theory. In effect he has stated that he finds the illustration of a subject gives him musical inspiration. It enables him to find new forms, new harmonies, new instrumental effects. And his symphonic poems certainly bear out this contention. The illustration of a subject outside of music itself, so that it should largely determine the musical form, has been thoroughly justified by Richard Strauss. But it is not so clear that his idea of retaining the source of his inspiration is quite successful.

In sculpture or painting it is easy for the artist to express the abstract through the concrete. For one thing, the whole work is before our eyes at once, whereas in music there is constant change, and we have not the whole before us to explain the details;

and, for another, music, except in a few cases of onomatopoeia, cannot be made to describe phenomena. Its true language is the expression of emotion, which, of course, can conjure up ideas by association, but that is not sufficient for the purpose of "programme" music. But it is quite wrong to assume that in any of his symphonic poems, with the exception of the *Don Quixote*, the description of ideas and facts outside music is Strauss's chief end. He expresses the emotion caused by the ideas and facts—his own emotion—and is thus well within the powers of music. The exposition of his emotion is his own affair. By rigidly keeping to this emotional programme a composer at once creates new forms, or rather a new amalgamation of the old, for musical form is not in its essence an illogical and arbitrary matter, and gives an impulse to his music which would be impossible were he to adhere rigidly to the stereotyped procedure of absolute music. But Strauss wants to do more than this. Besides giving the emotional expression of his subject he attempts to retain the realistic basis from which he derived his inspiration. At present it seems that this is a mistake, but it is necessary to keep an open mind on this point, because, as you know the symphonic poems better, the realistic touches here and there fall into their proper place. It may be that when a composition becomes

well known to the hearer he has a mental grasp of it as a whole, just as he has a grasp of a piece of sculpture at first sight, and that then the realistic details are heard to be part and an illustration of the whole idea which the composition embodies. These realistic details then become symbolical. It is necessary, too, in judging "programme" music as developed by Richard Strauss to distinguish between the technical weakness of the particular composer and the essential weakness of the form of art in which he works. Strauss's want of great thematic invention has already been mentioned. Another blemish is an elaboration of polyphony which looks very remarkable on paper, but does not come out clearly in performance. There is not the largeness of design that one hears in Wagner's polyphony. Even allowing that Strauss sometimes wishes merely to create a shifting musical atmosphere, his polyphony is not always successful. But these are individual traits and have nothing to do with "programme" music as a form of art. Richard Strauss has certainly carried it a step farther in the gradual development which can be traced from the earliest days of music. In the face of that development and his achievements it is time that "programme" music should no longer be considered a mere piece of eccentricity in art.

*E. A. Baughan.*

The Monthly Review.

### CHINA AFTER THE WAR.

BY "FAR EAST."

It has seldom been given to a nation that has lost one of its richest and most important provinces through its own inefficiency and impotence, to recover it, without striking a blow, as the result of a long and sanguinary

struggle between two powerful neighbors. Fortune would appear to have placed China, through no merits of her own, in that supremely happy position of a *tertius gaudens* which, according to the Bismarckian precept, it is the

business of an intelligent diplomacy to secure for a well-managed State when its neighbors fall out. As far as any efforts China was able or likely to make, Manchuria was irretrievably lost to her, and in the land of ancestral worship where every grave is a family shrine, the Manchu rulers of China were content to listen from afar with fatalistic resignation, to the measured footfall of the Muscovite sentry pacing the sacred precincts of the royal necropolis at Mukden where lie the forbears and founders of the dynasty that now reigns in Peking. Of the mighty conflict which for eighteen months has drenched the mountains and plains of Manchuria with blood, China has remained an impassive spectator. Scores of thousands have fallen, killed or wounded, on its battlefields, treasure has been poured out on both sides like water. China has not been called upon to risk the life of a single "brave" or to expend a single copper "cash." Yet under the Treaty of Portsmouth (New Hampshire), Manchuria, with the exception of the Liautung peninsular, will be evacuated within eighteen months by both Japanese and Russians and restored to Chinese rule. Surely if any Power may congratulate itself upon a consummation it has done nothing to achieve or to deserve, China should rejoice exceedingly.

Nevertheless, it is extremely doubtful whether the present rulers of China are at all disposed to welcome the issue of the Russo-Japanese war with unmixed satisfaction. Not that they have any love for Russia, but that at the bottom of their hearts they dread Japan even more. The intense conservatism of the Peking Mandarinate, rooted in self-interest and pride, has too much in common with Russian bureaucracy not to feel more easily reconciled to the latter's methods than to the strenuous and unrestful coun-

sels of Japanese statesmanship. Moscow with its endless straggling streets and dingy brown-roofed houses stretched out in a redeeming coolness of green trees round the barbaric central pile of the Kremlin, the hieratic embodiment of the spiritual and temporal power of the Russian autocracy, is apt enough to remind one of Peking, where the Chinese and Tartar cities converge with even greater symmetry in monotonous alignments of gray-tiled roofs upon the pink walls and yellow tiles of the Forbidden City, sanctuary and palace of the Son of Heaven. A far more striking parallel might easily be drawn between the Russian and Chinese systems of government, not perhaps always so much to the disadvantage of the latter as the thin veneer of Western civilization which disguises the former leads us too readily to imagine. That is, however, another story. But few people can, for instance, have read the extraordinary message in which the Tsar announced the conclusion of peace to his army without recalling the bombastic edicts issued ten years ago from the Celestial throne in order to explain away the Chinese defeats and glorify the Imperial wisdom and magnanimity that granted peace to the "little dwarfs." At any rate, whether as the outcome of a certain natural fellow-feeling or as a principle of settled policy, Russia has always refrained from urging upon the Chinese Government unpalatable schemes of administrative reform. Where her own interests were concerned she brooked no opposition, and when the Russian Minister at Peking alighted from his green sedan-chair at the Board of Foreign Affairs it was to speak as a master, though as a master who carried in his hands the gifts that soothe the pride and mollify the conscience of the most susceptible mandarin. In all other matters he was

the easiest of taskmasters. He was more than that. He was a powerful protector. Other Powers had commercial interests to defend, and they were constantly pressing for new "treaty ports" to be thrown open to the outer barbarian and claiming redress for administrative abuses in restraint of trade. Or they had missionaries whose lives and property it was their business to protect, even in out-of-the-way regions where some Palace favorite, installed there by the grace of the Grand Eunuch, might surely have expected to be left a free hand with the "foreign devils." Russia has never had any commercial interests to speak of in China—with the exception, say, of the Hankau tea-trade—and as her Foreign Minister once told the British Ambassador after the massacres of 1900, she "takes no interest in missions." In all such matters the Chinese bureaucracy could therefore count upon Russia's benevolent support. It was no doubt largely a negative support, but still of almost decisive value, since, until it was challenged by Japan, Russian ascendancy at Peking had come to be so universally accepted as an undisputed and indisputable fact that any serious attempt to bring pressure to bear upon the Chinese Government otherwise than by the "concert of the Powers" was regarded as impolitic and hopeless; and a "concert" in which the first fiddle refuses to play, or plays, if even *en sourdine*, an entirely different tune, is not, as a rule, successful. As for internal reform movements which to Russian ears are naturally ominous of revolution, or censorious remonstrances to the throne from "progressive" Viceroys, they were still less likely to receive any countenance from Russia's representatives in China. Does not the Forbidden City stand for the same sacred principles of autocracy for which Peterhof stands? The Boxer troubles did indeed lead to unfortunate

collisions between misguided Chinese troops and the soldiers of the Tsar, which happened to leave the latter in possession of Manchuria, but the complicity of the Empress-Dowager in the attack on the Peking Legations, including even the Russian Legation, was never allowed to weaken the ties of dynastic solidarity between the Son of Heaven and the Autocrat of all the Russias. At the Peking Conference which followed the Boxer outbreak the French representative was more alive perhaps than any other to the blood-guiltiness of the Dowager-Empress and more anxious to see retribution overtake her, but French diplomacy failed to make the slightest impression upon the determination of the *pouissance amie et alliée* that nothing should be done to weaken the authority and prestige of the Dragon throne.

Thus it has come to pass that, paradoxical as it may seem, the victories of Japan, though they mean the restoration of Manchuria to China and, with the Anglo-Japanese alliance, the preservation of the integrity of Chinese territory against further encroachments for years to come, have on the whole created in Peking more apprehension than relief. But Peking is not China, and the sentiments of the Chinese bureaucracy, which has its headquarters at Peking, are not necessarily the sentiments of the Chinese nation as a whole. Public opinion, as we understand it in the West, is still to a great extent inarticulate in China, or rather the language in which it speaks is not readily understood by foreigners. But from all available sources of information evidence can be gathered to show that during the last ten years the ferment of new ideas has been slowly but steadily permeating all classes of society, and throughout the country a process of intellectual infiltration has been at work analogous to that which went on underground in

Japan for many decades before the great revolution of *Meiji*. It must be remembered too that, whereas in Japan a small Dutch settlement pent up in a little island in the harbor of Nagasaki was in those early days the one channel of communication between the Japanese and the outer world, in China the doors have been thrown open, however reluctantly, to an infinite variety of alien agencies, commercial, scholastic, political, missionary, which, for purposes however different, have all operated towards the same end—namely, towards the awakening of China. And within the last few years there have come to China, as the apostles of a “modern” spirit, men no longer of an entirely alien race and alien creed like “the red-haired ocean-men” of Europe and America, but men whose own ancient civilization has been largely borrowed from the Chinese, men who can claim racial and religious and literary affinity with the Chinese, men who above all can point with legitimate pride to the success with which they have themselves grafted the knowledge and experience of the West on to the national tree of life without injury to its original fibre. If Japanese influence has hitherto failed to make much headway in the Chinese capital, there comes a very different tale from almost every provincial centre in China. North and south and east and west the Japanese trader—and there is no trade to which he does not adapt himself—and the Japanese teacher, whether schoolmaster or drillmaster, has been at work, and wherever he has shown himself he has preached, by example as well as precept, the gospel of intellectual activity and scientific progress. Nor has his teaching fallen on deaf ears, even in official Yamêns. Every year a larger number of youths belonging to the Chinese gentry and the commercial middle

classes have been sent, often at the instigation of the provincial authorities, to try and learn in Japanese schools and universities the secret of Japan’s success. Progressive viceroys, disregarding the old Chinese proverb—that “the wise man does not waste good iron on making nails or good men on making soldiers”—have given Japanese instructors a free hand to reorganize their military forces. Even the finer type of old Chinese conservatives like Chang Chih-tung, the viceroy of the Middle Yang-tsze, who “raged like a tiger” in his Yamén when peace was signed with Japan at Shimonoseki, have yielded to the logic of hard facts and learned to turn to Japan for advice and support.

*Eppur si muove.* China is beginning to move under Japanese impulse, and recent as that impulse has been she is moving far more rapidly under it than under the preceding fifty years of European impulse. Peking will probably be the last stronghold to yield to it, but yield it must sooner or later. Towards what goal will China tend under that impulse? It would be rash indeed to attempt to prophesy. But looking at the temperament of the Chinese people and at the strength of inherited traditions, one may perhaps suggest that it is not in the creation of a military spirit or even in any radical reform of the mandarin bureaucracy that Japanese influence will first make itself felt. The old Chinese contempt for martial achievements and Chinese tolerance of administrative inefficiency and corruption will not be easily or speedily eradicated. Moreover, if Japan possessed a magic wand with which she could suddenly convert China into a politically powerful and militant state, it would be anything but her interest to use it. Her energies are far more likely to be directed to the economic exploitation of China. She has waged war against Russia not

merely in defence of political interests, but in order to secure for the growing population of her islands an indispensable field of economic expansion on the mainland. Not only are Korea and Manchuria now open to her, but if she can quicken and direct the energies of the great commercial middle-class in China, probably the most intelligent and enlightened class which at present exists in that country, she will control the richest and most inexhaustible field of commercial and industrial enterprise in the world. It would be no surprise to find that, just as Russia used her predominance at Peking to secure political ascendency, so Japan will use hers to secure economic ascendency in China. That is at any rate a prospect with which it

behooves British statesmen to reckon. Fortunately our relations of close friendship with Japan, together with Japan's need of capital, should enable us to co-operate with the Japanese on those lines with profit to ourselves as well as to them. But if the Anglo-Japanese alliance is to safeguard not only our political, but our commercial interests in the Far East—and our political interests in that region cannot conceivably be divorced from our commercial interests—we shall have to be up and doing. Politically Japan may be said to have fought our battle, whilst we merely held the ring. But in the economic struggle we shall have to go forth ourselves into the forefront of the fray, or our allies will leave us behind—and little blame to them.

*The Outlook.*

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#### CHILDREN'S LITERATURE.

There is no more delightful page in the whole of that wonderful book, "David Copperfield," than that which describes how little Davy read aloud to Peggotty by the parlor fire, "about the crorkindills":

I had been reading to Peggotty about crocodiles. I must have read very perspicuously, or the poor soul must have been deeply interested, for I remember she had a cloudy impression, after I had done, that they were a sort of vegetable. I was tired of reading and dead sleepy; but having leave, as a high treat, to sit up until my mother came home from spending the evening at a neighbor's, I would rather have died upon my post (of course) than have gone to bed.

There is no need for me to call attention to the absolute truth of this delineation of a child's state of mind; most of us can look back to that period of our own lives when we went

through some such experience. Children are nowadays more pampered than the youth of a previous generation; for they are on more familiar terms with their elders, enjoy greater liberty, and are not infrequently more accustomed to rule than to obey; but in one particular, at least, the twentieth-century youngster is at a disadvantage: he is obliged to retire to bed at a much earlier hour than his predecessor. The latter-day child's hour—that time so punctiliously set apart for him and his amusement—generally precedes dinner; whereas the great joy of the child of my generation was to "come down to dessert," and to spend a certain portion of the succeeding evening in the company of his elders. I can still remember the thrill of bliss which used to run through my small frame, when, in company with an elder brother and sister, I sat cross-legged on the floor at my mother's

feet, the while she read out to us certain chapters from what I then designated "A Wavering Novel."

"Rob Roy," "Woodstock," "The Fortunes of Nigel," "Old Mortality"—the very names evoke a kind of reflex glow of wonder and delight. I am quite astonished, now, on looking back, to find how much we understood and how fully we appreciated. Children of to-day are not quite so patient in hearkening to the long pages of description in which Sir Walter delights; they are also inclined to become a little bored by the minute and, in their opinion, prolix, details of the hero's changing moods. A certain little six-year-old girl of my acquaintance, possessed of a very curly head, was wont to shake it violently at intervals while listening to the adventures of "Waverley." The reader was somewhat puzzled at this note of disapproval, until one day, after the curls had been flying from side to side for a minute or two, their owner announced with every mark of irritation: "I know he's going to be plunzed in melancholy reflections," and on turning the page, behold, he was! Thenceforth it was deemed advisable to keep an eye upon the curls with a view to a little timely skipping.

Yes, I venture to say that it is better to feed the young mind on the best literary stuff, even if it be necessary to cut out here and there a particularly tough morsel, than to nauseate it with the pap, so many varieties of which now flood the market. One brand in particular, though concocted with the purest of motives, by the most worthy of people, seems to me unwholesome. I allude to the books which deal with the woes of the unappreciated child, the child who is unhappy at home, the child who is so excessively highly strung and reserved that he finds it impossible to confide his secret aims and inspirations even to the members

of his own family, and who suffers excruciatingly in consequence; the child who, for no fault of his own, is perpetually blamed and misconstrued by the authorities; these have a morbid tendency, and their effect on the impressionable minds of their little readers cannot fail to be pernicious. All children are imitative, most of them are imaginative. The child of thirty or forty years ago got into trouble through trying to emulate the dangerous adventures of which he read: the papa of those days, for instance, did not always relish Young Hopeful riding amuck among his dairy-cows because he had been reading about a buffalo-hunt. But when the modern child has been wrapped up for hours in the imaginary wrongs of some "dreamy, large-eyed" hero or heroine, what more likely than that he should begin to fancy himself also misunderstood and ill-used, and to judge his father and mother after the fashion of his prototype? "Don't tell me, my dear," remarked a certain sturdy old lady, in speaking of a certain volume, much in vogue some years ago; "that child wasn't misunderstood—it was only unwhipped."

Without going quite as far as this, one may nevertheless deplore the tendency to foster, at so early an age, the introspective spirit which is surely quite harmful enough at a later period. A child's active mind and quick fancy wants something to work upon, something to play with; it is no true kindness to force it to feed upon itself.

Judging by my experience, little people delight far more in the books which, though designed for their elders, it is permissible for them to read, than in those especially prepared for their delectation. The most severe punishment which was ever inflicted on me was being forbidden "Nicholas Nickleby" for a whole week. Shall I ever forget the anguish with which I

used to eye the beloved big shining volume as it lay unused upon its shelf, or how slow the hours passed, until that blessed Saturday afternoon when, the time of penance being concluded, I carried it off under my favorite tree? Dickens we adored; Thackeray, too, we read, but Thackeray is too subtle for the very young; a taste of life, a little personal experience is needed before the mind can grasp and appreciate the admirable quality of his work. Miss Edgeworth we tolerated, particularly "The Moral Tales" and "The Parent's Assistant," but we stoutly refused to have anything to do with "Harry and Lucy," in their three-volume stage; and we were not particularly enamored of "Frank."

I have spoken of the contrast between the relations of parents and children of the present time and those of a preceding generation: it is still more edifying and instructive to note the attitude which the father and mother of Miss Edgeworth's day seem to have devoted towards their offspring. They seem to have arrogated to themselves the position of demigods, if not indeed deeming themselves entitled to stand on a yet higher plane. Was ever such inscrutable wisdom, such immovable purpose, such foresight—one had almost said such omnipotence? Then with regard to the meting out of rewards and punishments, what impartiality, what imperturbability! With what bland self-satisfaction did they watch the efforts of their misguided infants to obtain experience! A little girl mistakes a glass jar with purple stuff in it for a purple glass jar: the short-sighted parent of to-day would have condoned and possibly explained the error: not so Rosamond's mother. The child is allowed to buy the purple jar at the cost of going shoeless for several weeks, catching cold in consequence, being denied several small treats, and

undergoing various other penalties of the like improving nature.

The illustrious Mr. Fairchild is perhaps the most notable example of the Spartan father. Because one small daughter slapped another in a fit of childish temper, he conducted his entire family, including a four-year-old who was carried in the arms of a footman, to a dark wood, in the centre of which the body of a malefactor was hanging from the gallows, and there delivered a lecture on the evil of giving way to intemperate passion. Miss Mitford, though she would perchance draw the line at the gallows, is unwavering in upholding parental authority. Her fathers are extremely affectionate, her mothers tender to a degree, yet, though Mr. Fitzgerald folds "the truly penitent child to his heart," he is resolute in the infliction of chastisement, while George Cranston's mother with a tear in her soft blue eye bids him "think of his duty and profit by his punishment."

As a kind of golden mean between the Fairchild family and the introspective literature offered to the youth of our day, came the tales of Miss Yonge and other writers of the sixties. I remember a series called "The Magnet Stories," every item of which was of a high standard of excellence. Mark Lemon, Mary Howitt, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Miss Yonge, Miss F. M. Peard, were some among the writers who contributed to this most satisfactory result; the tales were instructive but not aggressively so, the children with whom they concerned themselves were real children of flesh and blood, to whom real everyday, but interesting, things happened: would that we had more of their kind now!

No paper dealing with literature for children would be complete without the name of Mrs. Ewing—a name indeed to be loved and honored by folks of all ages and all times. Work as admirable as hers can be appreciated

by the grandmother as well as by the child. "Mary's Meadow" will delight both equally; and while the child will laugh and clap its hands at the de-

The Academy.

scription of Jackanapes and his red pony, its elders will linger over the moving, reticent page which sets forth his death.

M. E. Francis.

### THE EARLY NOVEL.\*

The name of Mrs. Aphra Behn has associations, not of the sweetest, which are now unlikely to be dispelled. The Comedy of the Restoration was a bad school for women, and Mrs. Behn was too apt a pupil in it. Mr. Baker, who says what he conscientiously can for her, owns that from her plays "it would be difficult indeed to compile even a book of elegant extracts that would give the modern reader any adequate idea of their merits, without either emasculating them altogether or nauseating him with their coarseness." In short, Pope's couplet about Astrea, more pointed than decorous, rises to the mind, and of Mrs. Behn's work one feels inclined to ask, with Lord Melbourne, "Why can't you let it alone?" Mr. Baker has his answer. Mrs. Behn, he says, was not only the first Englishwoman who made her living by her pen, but also the first English novelist. But the stories which make up this volume can scarcely be called novels. The best of them, "Oroonoko," or "The Royal Slave," has no merit except that it reproduces Mrs. Behn's impressions of Surinam, and hints a doubt whether slavery can be justified by the principles of the Christian religion. It is sometimes indecent, and always dull. The highest praise that can be honestly bestowed upon it is that it shines by comparison with Mrs. Behn's other

tales. Curiously enough this bad novelist, a mere ranter in prose, did once write what Mr. Swinburne calls a "melodious and magnificent song." The first stanza, by far the best, does indeed bear out this description:—

Make haste, Amyntas, come away,  
The sun is up and will not stay;  
And oh! how very short's a lover's day!  
Make haste, Amyntas, to this grove,  
Beneath whose shade so oft I've sat,  
And heard my dear lov'd swain repeat  
How much he Galatea lov'd;  
Whilst all the list'ning birds around  
Sung to the music of the blessed sound.  
Make haste, Amyntas, come away,  
The sun is up and will not stay;  
And oh! how very short's a lover's day!

Some of her other lyrics, especially "Love in fantastic triumph sat," and "O love, who stronger art than wine," are not to be despised.

A period of eighty years divided Mrs. Behn from Smollett. She just saw the Revolution. He lived well into the reign of George III. Meanwhile Defoe, Richardson, and Fielding had created the English novel. Mrs. Behn was groping in the dark. Smollett had plenty of examples, if only he could have come up to them. His masterpiece, "Humphrey Clinker," was not produced until 1771, the last year of his life. "Ferdinand Count Fathom" is a much earlier work, though later than "Peregrine Pickle"

\* "The Novels of Mrs. Aphra Behn." With an Introduction by Ernest A. Baker. (Routledge. 6s. net.)

"The Adventures of Ferdinand Count

Fathom." By Tobias Smollett. With illustrations by Thomas Stothard, R. A. (Hutchinson. 1s. 6d. net.)

and "Roderick Random." The favorite novelist of Dickens must have an interest for all lovers of fiction apart from any merits of his own, and Smollett's merits are considerable. He had real humor, though it sometimes sank into mere extravagance of caricature, and much of it is too coarse for a modern palate. His style is uniformly excellent, even when, as here, his narrative is almost intolerably prolix. He knew his Shakespeare, though he does not always quote him correctly, and his classics. If his continuation of Hume's "History" is not worth very much, there is point in Lamb's droll question, "What if Hume had continued 'Humphrey Clinker'?"

"Ferdinand Count Fathom" belongs to the class of Fielding's "Jonathan Wild" and of "Barry Lyndon," in which some think that Thackeray surpassed himself and struck the stars with his sublime head. It is the account of a blackguard, much the same sort of blackguard as his contemporary, Jacques Casanova. The Count's only redeeming feature is musical talent; otherwise "our adventurer," as he is called, approaches as near perfect badness as the infirmities of human nature allow. Smollett, with all his ease and grace of manner, had not Defoe's art of deception of writing fancy as if it were fact. When he tells us that Fathom's designs were "uncertain" we instinctively say, as we should never dream of saying to the author of "Robinson Crusoe," "You at least ought to know them." But, indeed, the book is more interesting now from the historical than from the literary point of view. We read it, if we read it at all, not so much to find out what became of Fathom as to ascertain what England was like in the reign of George II. Fleet prison and stage coaches were much the same as when Jingle and Mr. Pickwick made their acquaintance.

We read of Bristol springs instead of Bath waters, and have the old jokes about doctors from one of themselves. "In short, his constitution, though unable to cope with two such formidable antagonists as the doctor and the disease he had conjured up, was no sooner rid of the one than it easily got the better of the other." Matrimony, in spite of the Divorce Court, is stricter now than it was when "passengers were plied in the streets by clergymen, who prostituted their characters and consciences for hire, in defiance of all decency and law." The relations between authors and patrons, familiar from the stock instance of Johnson and Chesterfield, are as obsolete as the cadging parson. But it is impossible to read Fathom's letter to Wilhelmina without some idea of the joy with which Dickens must have lighted on such a sentence as "No! my charmer, while my head retains the least spark of invention, and my heart glows with the resolution of a man, our correspondence shall not be cut off by the machinations of an envious stepmother who never had attractions to inspire a generous passion; and now that age and wrinkles have destroyed what little share of beauty she once possessed, endeavors, like the fiend in Paradise, to blast those joys in others from which she is herself eternally excluded." It is signed "Fathom." But surely it might be signed "Wilkins Micawber." Even "mutual" in the sense of "common" Dickens might have found in Smollett, who speaks also of "sustaining" a loss when he means suffering it, just as if he were a modern Member of Parliament.

Characters in "Ferdinand Count Fathom," as distinguished from caricatures, there are none. Sir Stentor Stile makes Squire Western seem a finished gentleman. Dodson and Fogg, even Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, might

have taken a hint from the lawyer who charged Fathom with three hundred and fifty attendances, of which the explanation was that "he had incurred the penalty of three shillings and four pence for every time he chanced to meet the conscientious attorney, either in the park, the coffee-house, or the street, provided they had exchanged the common salutation." That the *Æolian Harp* was an invention of Smollett's time may not be generally known, and it is curious to read that there was at the middle of the eighteenth century scarcely "one physician of note in this kingdom who had not derived the greatest part of his medical knowledge from the instruction of foreigners." Gambling was, of course, at its height, and there was nothing future about which people of fashion would not bet.

The whole mystery of the art was reduced to the simple exercise of tossing up a guinea and the lust of laying wagers, which they indulged to a surprising pitch of ridiculous intemper-

ance. In one corner of the room might be heard a pair of lordlings running their grandmothers against each other—that is, betting sums on the longest liver; in another the success of the wager depended upon the sex of the landlady's next child; and one of the waiters happening to drop down in an apoplectic fit, a certain noble peer exclaimed, "Dead for a thousand pounds." The challenge was immediately accepted; and when the master of the house sent for a surgeon to attempt the cure, the nobleman who set the price upon the patient's head insisted upon his being left to the efforts of nature alone, otherwise the wager should be void. Nay, when the landlord harped upon the loss he should sustain by the death of a trusty servant, his lordship obviated the objection by desiring that the fellow might be charged in the bill.

We do not recommend "*Ferdinand Count Fathom*" for example of life or instruction of manners. But if Dickens had not read it, we might have missed some of the choicest pieces of humor in the English language.

*London Times.*

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The preservation of the house at Stratford-on-Avon in which John Harvard's mother used to live has been assured by its purchase by a Chicago man. The house is a picturesque, half-timbered building in High Street, and bears the date 1596.

Moffat, Yard & Company announce for early publication a volume of drawings by Howard Chandler Christy in black and white. It is the first collection of the work of many sorts which has contributed to Mr. Christy's great and rapidly growing success.

The new life of Charles Lamb, upon which Mr. E. V. Lucas has for some

time been engaged in connection with his new edition of Lamb's writings, has just been published. Mr. Lucas has been fortunate in coming into possession of a number of hitherto unpublished letters.

Miss Corelli is at the pains to write to The Academy that she wishes "to publicly emphasize" (*sic*) her statement that the "one and only" novel which she will produce next year is that announced by a certain firm of publishers. It appears that the "one and only" is to be as long as "Barabbas."

Mme. Emile Zola has chosen a wise method of honoring her husband's

memory. Zola's country seat at Médan supplied the title for "Les soirées de Médan," a volume of short stories to which he contributed an admitted masterpiece, "L'Attaque du Moulin," an episode of the Franco-Prussian War. Mme. Zola has now made over the Médan property to the "Assistance Publique," a society whose object is to ameliorate the condition of the poor.

Three Wordsworth books are announced by Mr. Henry Frowde, chief among them being "Poems and Extracts, Chosen by William Wordsworth for an Album presented to Lady Mary Lowther, Christmas, 1819," printed literally from the original, with facsimiles, an introduction by Professor H. Littledale, and a preface by Mr. J. Roger Rees. The other Wordsworth items announced by Mr. Frowde are "Wordsworth's Literary Criticism in Prose," with an introduction by Mr. Nowell C. Smith, and "Wordsworth's Guide to the Lakes," with an introduction by Mr. E. de Selincourt.

Mr. William Henry Johnson of Cambridge, who has done some admirable work in popularizing the fruits of historical research, has departed from the graver walks of history for those of historical romance. He has written a novel of the period of the Huguenot settlement in Florida, the foundation of Port Royal and the savage attack thereon by the Spaniards, and the French expedition which went out to take revenge upon the Spaniards. These were stirring times, and they furnish background and incidents for romance of which little use has been made hitherto. Herbert B. Turner & Co. are to publish Mr. Johnson's book.

The Cambridge Edition of the Complete Poetical Works of Lord Byron,

(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) will be generally accepted as final. To begin with, it is actually complete. All that Byron wrote in verse,—good, bad and indifferent, noble, puerile and vicious,—the whole mass of his poetical product is here. The text was ready several years ago, but publication was withheld in order to include the new material contained in the new seven-volume English edition, edited by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge. Mr. Paul Elmer More, who edits the Cambridge edition, has compared every line of it with the Coleridge edition, and has made use of corrections based on the manuscripts which are accessible to Mr. Coleridge. But not only is the text complete, and edited and annotated with painstaking care, but it is presented with such typographic attractiveness that, although it fills more than a thousand double-columned pages, the book is not cumbersome to hold and the page is a delight to read.

Messrs. Macmillan have arranged with Professor Saintsbury for the publication, in three volumes, of "A History of English Prosody from the 12th Century to the Present Day." The first volume, which it is hoped to publish next year, is nearly completed, and covers the period from the origins to Spenser. The treatment in the text will be a strictly historical survey of the verse forms in all important poets and poems, minor as well as major, with copious illustrations and justificatory extracts at the page-foot. There will be summaries at the end of each sub-period; and appendices in some number at the end of each volume will deal with general points, such as the principal metres, rhyme, alliteration, &c. In the two later volumes it is intended to make the history and discussion of previous prosodic theories an important feature.